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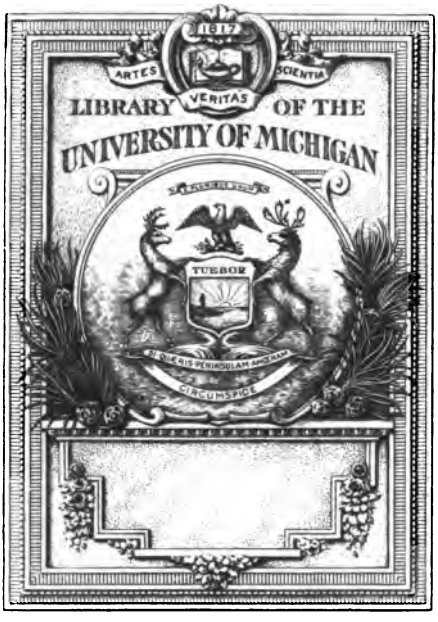


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Bible. O.T. Psalms. English. Paraphrased. 1829.

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THE

# WHOLE BOOK

OF

# PSALMS,

IN METRE;

WITH

# HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

## FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS

OF

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE MASSACHUSETTS EPISCOPAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1829.

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[illegible] the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal [illegible] States of America, in Convention, this 13th day [illegible] in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and [illegible] —

THIS [illegible] of the [illegible] Book of Psalms into Metre, with [illegible] forth, and allowed to be sung in all Congregations [illegible] before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and [illegible] at the discretion of the Minister. [illegible] every Minister of any Church, either by [illegible] to appoint the Portions of [illegible] every Minister, with such assist- [illegible] music, to give order con- [illegible] Church; and, especially, [illegible] and unseemly music, and all [illegible] by which vain and [illegible] the sanctuary.

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THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID,

## IN METRE.

### PSALM 1.

1 HOW blessed is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

### PSALM 2.

1 WITH restless and ungoverned rage
Why do the heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?



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2 The great in counsel and in might
Their various forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.

3 "Must we submit to their commands?"
Presumptuously they say:
"No; let us break their slavish bands,
"And cast their chains away."

4 But God, who sits enthroned on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
And mocks their vain design.

5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious foes;
And thus will he in thunder speak
To all that dare oppose:

6 "Though madly you dispute my will,
"The King that I ordain,
"Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill,
"Shall there securely reign."

7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontrolled decree:
"Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

8 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
"Thine shall the heathen be;
"The utmost limits of the lands
"Shall be possessed by thee.

9 "Thy threatening sceptre thou shalt shake,
"And crush them every where,
"As massy bars of iron break
"The potter's brittle ware."

10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

12 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay,
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.

13 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?



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Then blessed are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

## PSALM 3.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troublers of my peace!
And, as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.

2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
"The God in whom he trusts," say they,
"Shall rescue him no more."

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

4 Since, whensoe'er, in like distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I, through him, securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

6 No force nor fury of my foes
My courage shall confound,
Were they as many hosts as men,
That have beset me round.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast owned my cause,
And scattered oft these foes to me
And to thy righteous laws.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

## PSALM 4.

1 O LORD, thou art my righteous Judge;
To my complaint give ear;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.



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## PSALM 5.

2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
To blot my fame devise?
How long your vain designs pursue,
And spread malicious lies?

3 Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And, when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

5 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fixed,
On God alone rely.

6 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possessed.

## PSALM 5.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

3 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred dwelling-place
All evil dost remove.



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5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
Unpunished in thy view;
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy vengeance shall pursue.

6 The slandering tongue, O God of truth,
By thee shall be destroyed,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood
And in deceit employed.

7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy loved courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly thee adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws;
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit;
Their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave;
They flatter with their tongue.

10 By their own counsels let them fall,
Oppressed with loads of sin;
For they against thy righteous laws
Have hardened rebels been.

11 But let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.

12 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

## PSALM 6.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.

2 Have mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.



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3 My tortured flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?

4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

5 For, after death, no more can I
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No prisoner of the silent grave
Can magnify thy name.

6 Quite tired with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.

7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
My eyes with weakness close,
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting foes.

8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs
Ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
And listens to my voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble prayer
And they that wish my fall
Shall blush and rage to see that God
Protects me from them all.

## PSALM 7.

1 O LORD, my God, since I have placed
My trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors' rage
Do thou deliver me.

2 To save me from my threatening foe,
Lord, interpose thy power;
Lest, like a savage lion, he
My helpless soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Against his peace combine;
Nay, if I had not spared his life,
Who sought unjustly mine;



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5 Let, then, to persecuting foes
My soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
In dust my honour lay.

6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
In my defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my foes,
And their insulting rage:

Awake, awake, in my behalf
The judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordained
For injured innocence.

7 So to thy throne adoring crowds
Shall still for justice fly:
O! therefore, for their sake, resume
Thy judgment seat on high.

8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts,
So let thy sentence be.

9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
But all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for those,
Who from his laws depart.

12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
His bow stands ready bent;
13 Even now, with swift destruction winged,
His pointed shafts are sent.

14 The plots are fruitless which my foe
Unjustly did conceive;
15 The pit he digged for me has proved
His own untimely grave.

16 On his own head his spite returns,
Whilst I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fallen,
Which he designed for me.

17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;



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## PSALM 8, 9.

I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

## PSALM 8.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
6 Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

7 They jointly own his powerful sway,—
The beasts that prey or graze,
8 The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

9 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

## PSALM 9.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.



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2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring,
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Their backs in shameful flight:
Struck with thy presence, down they fell;
They perished at thy sight.

4 Against insulting foes advanced,
Thou didst my cause maintain;
My right asserting from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.

5 The insolence of heathen pride
Thou hast reduced to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroyed,
And blotted out their name.

6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats
Are to a period come;
Our city stands, which you designed
To make our common tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

9 God is a constant, sure Defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

10 All those who have his goodness proved
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

11 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Zion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PART II.

12 When he inquiry makes for blood,
He'll call the poor to mind:
The injured humble man's complaint
Relief from him shall find.



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13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Which spiteful foes create,
Thou that hast rescued me so oft
From death's devouring gate.

14 In Sion, then, I'll sing thy praise
To all that love thy name;
And, with loud shouts of grateful joy,
Thy saving power proclaim.

15 Deep in the pit they digged for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betrayed.

16 Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men, by their own plots,
Are shamefully o'erthrown.

17 No single sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscured;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secured.

18 His suffering saints, when most distressed,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crowned,
Though for a time delayed.

19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy power,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce
The guilty heathen's doom.

20 Strike terror through the nations round,
Till, by consenting fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
But mortal men appear.

## PSALM 10.

1 THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace?

2 The wicked, swelled with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by those designs
Which they for others lay.



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3 For straight they triumph, if success
Their thriving crimes attend;
And sordid wretches, whom God hates,
Perversely they commend.

4 To own a power above themselves,
Their haughty pride disdains;
And, therefore, in their stubborn mind,
No thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive methods they pursue,
And all their foes they slight,
Because thy judgments, unobserved,
Are far above their sight.

6 They fondly think their prosperous state
Shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive
From all misfortunes free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,
With curses filled, and lies,
By which the mischief of their heart
They study to disguise.

8 Near public roads they lie concealed,
And all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
To rifle and destroy.

9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
Surprise their heedless prey
With greater cunning, or express
More savage rage than they.

10 Sometimes they act the harmless man,
And modest looks they wear,
That, so deceived, the poor may less
Their sudden onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suffering poor,
Nor their oppression heeds.

12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm,
And, by the greatness of thy power,
Defend the poor from harm.



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8 Then shall the wicked be perplexed,
Nor know which way to fly;
When those, whom they despised and vexed,
Shall be advanced on high.

## PSALM 13.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
O! never to return?

2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

3 O! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.

5 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

6 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who, to thy servant in distress,
Such bounty didst extend.

## PSALM 14.

1 SURE wicked fools must needs suppose,
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows;
No breast is warmed with holy flame.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any owned his power;
If any truth or justice knew.

3 But all, he saw, were gone aside;
All were degenerate grown and base;



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None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat,
And God's almighty power disown?

5 How will they tremble, then, for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake?
For, to the righteous, God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

6 Ill men, in vain, with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

7 Would he his saving power employ
To break his people's servile band,
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

## PSALM 15.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blessed courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves:

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round:

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect:

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good:

6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ:



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Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who, by his steady course,
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

## PSALM 16.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On thy almighty arm.

2 My soul all help but thine does slight,
All gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness thou hast shown.

3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
And love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
Shall be my chief delight.

4 How shall their sorrows be increased,
Who other gods adore!
Their bloody offerings I detest,
Their very names abhor.

5 My lot is fallen in that blessed land
Where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with liberal hand,
'Tis he supports my throne.

6 In nature's most delightful scene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
All other lands outvies.

7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsels still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

8 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;



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My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One, in death,
The least corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead,
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

## PSALM 17.

1 TO my just plea and sad complaint
Attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my prayer, as 'tis unfeigned,
A gracious ear afford.

2 As in thy sight I am approved,
So let my sentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
My upright dealing see.

3 For thou hast searched my heart by day,
And visited by night;
And, on the strictest trial, found,
Its secret motions right.

Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
My heart's designs acquit;
For I have purposed that my tongue
Shall no offence commit.

4 I know what wicked men would do,
Their safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild commands
From bloody paths restrain.

5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
And make my footsteps sure.

6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my prayer addressed,
O! now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love
In my defence engage,



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Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints
From their oppressors' rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tenderest care;
Thy sheltering wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes,
That compass me about.

10 O'ergrown with luxury, enclosed
In their own fat, they lie,
And, with a proud, blaspheming mouth,
Both God and man defy.

11 Well may they boast, for they have now
My paths encompassed round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bowed,
And couching on the ground;

12 In posture of a lion set,
When greedy of his prey,
Or a young lion, when he lurks
Within a covert way.

13 Arise, O Lord; defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Deliver thou my soul;—

14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below,
Who, filled with earthly stores, aspire
No other bliss to know.

15 Their race is numerous, that partake
Their substance while they live;
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.

16 But I, in uprightness, thy face
Shall view without control,
And, waking, shall its image find
Reflected in my soul.

## PSALM 18.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.



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2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

4, 5 By floods of wicked men distressed,
With seas of sorrow compassed round,
With dire infernal pangs oppressed,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;—

6 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
Who graciously inclined his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PART II.

7 When God arose my part to take,
The conscious earth was struck with fear;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

8 Thick clouds of smoke, dispersed abroad,
Ensigns of wrath, before him came;
Devouring fire around him glowed,
That coals were kindled at its flame.

9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heaven bowed down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread.

10 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness, flew.

11, 12 Black watery mists and clouds conspired
With thickest shades his face to veil;
But at his brightness soon retired,
And fell in showers of fire and hail.

13 Through heaven's wide arch a thundering peal
God's angry voice did loudly roar,
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail
And flakes of fire was covered o'er.



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14 His sharpened arrows round he threw,
Which made his scattered foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,
And quickly finished their defeat.

15 The deep its secret stores disclosed,
The world's foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath exposed,
Which fiercely raged that dreadful day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my side engage;
From heaven, his throne, my cause upheld;
And snatched me from the furious rage
Of threatening waves, that proudly swelled.

17 God his resistless power employed
My strongest foes' attempts to break,
Who else with ease had soon destroyed
The weak defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle rage had near prevailed,
When I distressed and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours failed,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19 From dangers that enclosed me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That moved him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend:
My hands are free from bloody stains;
Therefore the Lord is still my friend.

21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
In his just paths I always trod,
I never did his statutes slight,
Nor loosely wandered from my God.

23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
Did even from darling sins refrain;
His favours therefore yet endure,
Because my heart and hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human-kind;



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They who for mercy merit praise
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turned to light.

29 On his firm succour I relied,
And did o'er numerous foes prevail;
Nor feared, whilst he was on my side,
The best defended walls to scale.

30 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test;
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

31 Who, then, deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
And all my just designs fulfils;
Through him my feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take,
And manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
Forced by my stronger arms to yield

35 The buckler of his saving health,
Protects me from assaulting foes;
His hand sustains me still; my wealth
And greatness from his bounty flows.

36 My goings he enlarged abroad,
Till then to narrow paths confined;
And, when in slippery ways I trod,
The method of my steps designed.

37 Through him I numerous hosts defeat,
And flying squadrons captive take,



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Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
Till I a final conquest make.

38 Covered with wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquished heads again to rear;
Spite of their boasted strength, they lie
Beneath my feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms,
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdued by my prevailing arms.

40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes
My conquering feet in triumph press;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all friends they tried,
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cried,
But God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue,
Their broken troops I scattered round,
Their slaughtered bodies forth I threw,
Like loathsome dirt, that clogs the ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,
By God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
And foreign nations own my sway.

44 Remotest realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charmed with respect, or awed by fear

45 All to my summons tamely yield,
Or soon in battle are dismayed;
For stronger holds they quit the field,
And still, in strongest holds, afraid.

46 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The Rock, on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed!

47 'Tis God that still supports my right;
His just revenge my foes pursues;



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'Tis he that, with resistless might,
Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.

48 My universal Safeguard he!
From whom my lasting honours flow;
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless, bloody foe.

49 Therefore, to celebrate his fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise:

50 "God to his King deliverance sends,
"Shows his Anointed signal grace,
"His mercy evermore extends
"To David and his promised race."

## PSALM 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings,
And, from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes,
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.



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PART II.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires;

8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

9 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed;

10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

11 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

12 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

14 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blessed,
And I, secure, on thy defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

## PSALM 20.

1 THE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress;
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant thy arms success;—



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## PSALM 21.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy offerings there,
Thy sacrifice receive;—

4 To compass thy own heart's desire,
Thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.

5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name displayed;
"The Lord accept thy prayer."

6 Our hopes are fixed, that now the Lord
Our sovereign will defend;
From heaven resistless aid afford,
And to his prayer attend.

7 Some trust in steeds for war designed,
On chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind
The power of God most high.

8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown,
Behold them through the plain,
Disordered, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our troops remain.

9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heaven, in times of need,
The prayers that we address.

## PSALM 21.

1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crowned, shall raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his lips request
Not only dost impart,
But hast, with thy acceptance, blessed
The wishes of his heart.

3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.



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4 He prayed for life; and thou, O Lord,
Didst to his prayer attend,
And graciously to him afford
A life that ne'er shall end.

5 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name,
And his successful actions crowned
With majesty and fame.

6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his joys increase,
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st
The brightness of thy face.

PART II.

7 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies,
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.

9 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
Or with their ruin end,
But root out all their guilty race,
And to their seed extend.

11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
Their hearts on malice bent;
But thou with watchful care didst still
The ill effects prevent.

12 While they their swift retreat shall make
To 'scape thy dreadful might,
Thy swifter arrows shall o'ertake,
And gall them in their flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength disclose,
And thus exalt thy fame,
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
To thy almighty name.



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## PSALM 22.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
O! why so far from me removed
And from my loud complaint?

2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge
Of innocence oppressed,
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee addressed.

4, 5 On thee our ancestors relied,
And thy deliverance found;
With pious confidence they prayed,
And with success were crowned.

6 But I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.

7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus, deriding, say:—

8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
"That he was Heaven's delight;
"Let God come down to save him now,
"And own his favourite."

### PART II.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb
A living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast,
I was thy early care.

10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs
My helpless infant days;
And since hast been my God, and Guide,
Through life's bewildered ways.

11 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;



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O send me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.

12 High-pampered bulls, a frowning herd,
From Basan's forest met,
With strength proportioned to their rage,
Have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and every mouth
A yawning grave appears;
The desert lion's savage roar
Less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My blood like water 's spilled; my joints
Are racked and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

15 My strength, like potter's earth, is parched
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the silent shades of death
My fainting soul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In packed assemblies meet:
They pierced my inoffensive hands;
They pierced my harmless feet.

17 My body 's racked, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of wo
As pastime they behold.

18 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast;

19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
And to my succour haste.

20 From their sharp swords protect thou me,
Of all but life bereft;
Nor let my darling in the power
Of cruel dogs be left.

21 To save me from the lion's jaws,
Thy present succour send;
As once, from goring unicorns,
Thou didst my life defend.

22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy name;



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In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim :—

23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
"All you of Israel's line,
"O praise the Lord, and to your praise
"Sincere obedience join.

24 "He ne'er disdained on low distress
"To cast a gracious eye ;
"Nor turned from poverty his face,
"But hears its humble cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus, in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints, perform
The vows of my distress.

26 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay,
And scattered nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

28 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign ;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess ;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous Patron bless.

With humble worship, to his throne
They all for aid resort ;
That Power, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen, spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth,
And glorious acts, proclaim.



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## PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 In presence of my spiteful foe
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

## PSALM 24.

1 THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right, are his.

2 He framed and fixed it on the seas,
And his almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods, has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed;
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?

4 The man, whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free,



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Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod,
And such the proselytes, that seek
The face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes,
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes,
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

## PSALM 25.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

3 Those who on thee rely
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.

6 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;



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And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

8 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

10 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blessed will incline.

PART II.

11 Since mercy is the grace,
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.

12 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
In all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be for ever blessed,
And by his numerous race the land
Successively possessed.

14 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes,
And wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treacherous snare
Which for my feet was laid.

16 O! turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;



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For I am compassed round with woes,
And plunged in deep distress.

17 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!

18 Do thou, with tender eyes,
My sad afflictions see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Entirely set me free.

19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
How vast their numbers grow;
What lawless force and rage they use,
What boundless hate they show!

20 Protect, and set my soul
From their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be ashamed, who place
My steadfast trust in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts
To full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee alone relies.

22 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind,
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

## PSALM 26.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.

2, 3 Search thou my heart, whose innocence
Will shine the more 'tis tried;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
And made thy truth my guide.

4 I never for companions took
The idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
Could e'er my friendship gain.

5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
Who make distracted times;



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And shun their wicked company,
As I avoid their crimes.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And bring a heart so pure,
That, when thy altar I approach,
My welcome shall secure.

7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thy honour dwells.

9 Pass not on me the sinners' doom,
Who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by secret bribes,
Or open force, invade.

11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
And innocence pursue:
Protect me, therefore, and to me
Thy mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In spite of all assaulting foes,
I still maintain my ground,
And shall survive among thy saints,
Thy praises to resound.

## PSALM 27.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving Health and Light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,
When foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their haughty crests
Were made to strike the ground.

3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
With mighty hosts to cope;
Through him, in doubtful straits of war,
For good success I hope.

4 Henceforth, within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

5 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;



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And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess :—

6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
My lofty head shall raise,
And I my joyful tribute bring,
With grateful songs of praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.

8 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise,
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

10 Though all my friends, and kindred too,
Their helpless charge forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.

11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide,
Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes;
Defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips, and bloody hands,
Against my peace conspire.

13 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crowned,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compassed round.

14 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.



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## PSALM 28.

1 O LORD, my Rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath;
O! answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.

2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy-seat.

3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,
Who make a trade of ill,
And ever speak the person fair,
Whose blood they mean to spill.

4 According to their crimes' extent,
Let justice have its course;
Relentless be to them, as they
Have sinned without remorse.

5 Since they the works of God despise,
Nor will his grace adore,
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
And build them up no more.

6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
His praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

7 My heart its confidence reposed
In God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I trusted, and returned
Triumphant from the field.

As he hath made my joys complete,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And thus resound his praise:—

8 "His aiding power supports the troops,
"That my just cause maintain:
"'Twas he advanced me to the throne;
"'Tis he secures my reign."

9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine heritage to bless;
With plenty prosper them in peace;
In battle, with success.



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## PSALM 29.

1 YE princes, that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state adored.

3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

4, 5 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crowned!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scattered branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurried far away,
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scattered flames of lightning sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
While those that to his courts belong
Securely sing his praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

## PSALM 30.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,



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My friends, at sight of me, were shocked,
And fled, as men dismayed.

12 Forsook by all am I,
As dead, and out of mind;
And like a shattered vessel lie,
Whose parts can ne'er be joined.

13 Yet slanderous words they speak,
And seem my power to dread,
Whilst they together counsel take,
My guiltless blood to shed.

14 But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

16 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

17 Me from dishonour save,
Who still have called on thee;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
The sinner's portion be.

18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Whose breath in lies is spent;
Who false reports, with proud disdain,
Against the righteous vent.

19 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From proud oppressors free;
From tongues that do in strife delight,
They are preserved by thee.

21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever blessed;



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## PSALM 32.

Whose love, in Keilah's well-fenced town,
Was wondrously expressed.

22 I said, in hasty flight,
"I'm banished from thine eyes;"
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy sight,
And heard'st my earnest cries.

23 O! all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

24 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength, in time of need.

## PSALM 32.

1 HE's blessed whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear;
2 Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

3 While I concealed the fretting sore,
My bones consumed without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar,
But no complaints assuaged my grief.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remained,
By day and night alike distressed,
Till quite of vital moisture drained,
Like land with summer's drought oppressed.

5 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drowned.

7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tower of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction, then, confide,
Ye that would truth's safe path descry;



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## PSALM 33.

Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful eye.

9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
Like men that reason have attained;
Not like the ungoverned horse and mule,
Whose fury must be curbed and reined.

10 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The hardened sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

11 His saints, that have performed his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

## PSALM 33.

1 LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

6 By his Almighty Word, at first,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

7 The swelling floods, together rolled,
He makes in heaps to lie,
And lays, as in a store-house safe,
The watery treasures by.

8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixed at his command.

10 He, when the heathen closely plot,
Their counsels undermines;



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His wisdom ineffectual makes
The people's rash designs.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy, then, are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own!

13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,
From heaven, his throne, surveyed;
He saw their works, and viewed their thoughts;
By him their hearts were made.

16 17 No king is safe by numerous hosts;
Their strength the strong deceives;
No managed horse, by force or speed,
His warlike rider saves.

18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death; their want,
In time of dearth, supplies.

20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our Help and Shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

## PSALM 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.



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3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
4 When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

5 Their drooping hearts were soon refreshed,
Who looked to him for aid;
Desired success in every face
A cheerful air displayed.

6 "Behold," say they, "behold the man,
"Whom Providence relieved;
"The man so dangerously beset,
"So wondrously retrieved!"

7 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

8 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blessed they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piously disposed,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

12 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
13 From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;—

14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.



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15 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distressed, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries;—

16 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.

17 Deliverance to his saints he gives
When his relief they crave;
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire;
20 For, under their affliction's weight,
He keeps their bones entire.

21 The wicked from their wicked arts
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

22 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

## PSALM 35.

1 AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage,
Do thou my battles fight.

2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield
Upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, O God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from harm.

3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course,
That haste my blood to spill;
Say to my soul, "I am thy Health,
"And will preserve thee still."

4 Let them with shame be covered o'er,
Who my destruction sought;
And such as did my harm devise
Be to confusion brought.



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5 Then shall they fly, dispersed like chaff
Before the driving wind;
God's vengeful minister of wrath
Shall follow close behind.

6 And when, through dark and slippery ways,
They strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath
Shall goad them as they run.

7 Since, unprovoked by any wrong,
They hid their treacherous snare;
And, for my harmless soul, a pit
Did, without cause, prepare;—

8 Surprised by mischiefs unforeseen,
By their own arts betrayed,
Their feet shall fall into the net,
Which they for me had laid;—

9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name
For this deliverance bless,
And, by his saving health secured,
Its grateful joy express.

10 My very bones shall say, "O Lord,
"Who can compare with thee!
"Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
"From strong oppressors free."

PART II.

11 False witnesses, with forged complaints,
Against my truth combined;
And to my charge such things they laid,
As I had ne'er designed.

12 The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserved,
My harmless life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in sackcloth mourned;
I prayed and fasted, and my prayer
To my own breast returned.

14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent signs of grief
A mother's loss deplore.



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15 How different did their carriage prove,
In times of my distress,
When they, in crowds together met,
Did savage joy express!

The rabble, too, in numerous throngs,
By their example, came;
And ceased not, with reviling words,
To wound my spotless fame.

16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
And earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and slandering jests
Maliciously devise.

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my behalf appear;
And save my guiltless soul, which they,
Like ravening beasts, would tear.

PART III.

18 So I, before the listening world,
Shall grateful thanks express;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Thy name with praises bless.

19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
Who me unjustly hate,
With open joy or secret signs,
To mock my sad estate.

20 For they, with hearts averse to peace,
Industriously devise,
Against the men of quiet minds,
To forge malicious lies.

21 Nor with these private arts content,
Aloud they vent their spite;
And say, "At last we found him out;
"He did it in our sight."

22 But thou, who dost both them and me
With righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.

23 Stir up thyself in my behalf;
To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
To thy decision take.



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24 Lord, as my heart has upright been,
Let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
The triumph they designed.

25 O! let them not, amongst themselves,
In boasting language, say,
"At length our wishes are complete;
"At last he's made our prey."

26 Let such as in my harm rejoiced
For shame their faces hide,
And foul dishonour wait on those
That proudly me defied;—

27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout,
Who my just cause befriend,
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his saints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
Inspired with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns, in praise of thee,
Shall all my days employ.

## PSALM 36.

1 MY crafty foe, with flattering art,
His wicked purpose would disguise,
But reason whispers to my heart,
He ne'er sets God before his eyes.

2 He soothes himself, retired from sight;
Secure he thinks his treacherous game;
Till his dark plots, exposed to light,
Their false contriver brand with shame.

3 In deeds he is my foe confessed,
Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banished from his breast,
And vice has sole dominion there.

4 His wakeful malice spends the night
In forging his accursed designs;
His obstinate, ungenerous spite
No execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.



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6 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

9 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
10 O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprise,
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;
Down, down they're fallen, no more to rise.

## PSALM 37.

1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
2 For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design;
6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,



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Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crowned
Which they maliciously devise.

8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake:
Let no ungoverned passion make
Thy wavering heart espouse their crime;
9 For God shall sinful men destroy;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.

10 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found;
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crowned.

PART II.

12 While sinful crowds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth, and threatening stand,
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride:
He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay;
15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke;
Their sharpened weapon's mortal stroke
Through their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favour blessed,
That's by one righteous man possessed,
The wealth of many bad excels;
17 For God supports the just man's cause;
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful power he quells.

18 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmoved, and, even in dearth,
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked man, and those
Who proudly dare God's will oppose;
Destruction is their hapless share:



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Like fat of lambs, their hopes, and they,
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

PART III.

21 While sinners, brought to sad decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The just have will and power to give;
22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless
Shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
24 Though he sometimes may be distressed,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppressed,
For God upholds him with his hand.

25 From my first youth, till age prevailed,
I never saw the righteous failed,
Or want o'ertake his numerous race;
26 Because compassion filled his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase

27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days;
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land;
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves;
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain, the righteous to surprise,
In vain his ruin does decree:
33 God will not him defenceless leave
To his revenge exposed, but save;
And, when he's sentenced, set him free.



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34 Wait still on God; keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy blessed possession ne'er shall quit:
The wicked soon destroyed shall be,
And at his dismal tragedy
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.

35 The wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

39 God to the just will aid afford;
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
Their Strength in time of need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

## PSALM 38.

1 THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 In every wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.

3 My flesh is one continued wound,
Thy wrath so fiercely glows:
Betwixt my punishment and guilt
My bones have no repose.

4 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.



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5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
My folly's just return;
6 With trouble I am warped and bowed,
And all day long I mourn.

7 A loathed disease afflicts my loins,
Infecting every part;
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar
Through anguish of my heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
And sure my groans have been too loud,
Not to have reached thine ear.

10 My heart's oppressed, my strength decayed,
My eyes deprived of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen gaze aloof
On such a dismal sight.

12 Meanwhile, the foes that seek my life
Their snares to take me set,
Vent slanders, and contrive all day
To forge some new deceit:—

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
Nor heard, nor once replied;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue
With conscious guilt is tied.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
My innocence to clear,
Assured that thou, the righteous God,
My injured cause wilt hear.

16 "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes
"A spiteful joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my foot
"But once to go astray."

17 And, with continual grief oppressed,
To sink I now begin;
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.

19 But, whilst I languish, my proud foes
Their strength and vigour boast;
And they that hate me without cause
Are grown a dreadful host.



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20 Even they whom I obliged return
My kindness with despite,
And are my enemies, because
I choose the path that's right.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my Salvation art.

## PSALM 39.

1 RESOLVED to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curbed my hasty words, when I
The wicked prosper saw.

2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
And did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint
Increased my inward pain.

3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
And no repose could take,
Till strong reflection fanned the fire,
And thus at length I spake:—

4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span;
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppressed;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possessed.

7 Why, then, should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

8, 9 Forgive my sins; nor let me scorned
By foolish sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmured not,
Because 'twas done by thee.



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10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy soon remove,
Lest my frail flesh, too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.

11 For when thou chastenest man for sin,
Thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
By fretting moths decayed.

12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

13 O! spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

## PSALM 40.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply,
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When foundered deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he placed my feet,
And suffered not my steps to stray.

3 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on the Almighty Lord relies,
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

5 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

6 I've learned that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.



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7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart;
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

9 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge;—
10 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preached thy love for all designed,
That all might that, and truth, embrace.
11 Then let those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distressed,
Too numberless for me to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppressed,
That plunge and sink me to despair.
As soon, alas! may I recount
The hairs of this afflicted head;
My vanished courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
In my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.
14 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Insnared in their own vile design.
15 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mocked my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made;—
16 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be raised;



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And all, who prize thy saving grace,
With me resound, The Lord be praised.

17 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
Of me the Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

## PSALM 41.

1 HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crowned,
In safety shall prolong,
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness, lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer addressed:—
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgressed."—

5 My cruel foes, with slanderous words,
Attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die," say they, "and men
"Forget his very name?"

6 Suppose they formal visits make,
'Tis all but empty show;
They gather mischief in their hearts,
And vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private whispers, such as these,
To hurt me they devise:—
"A sore disease afflicts him now;
"He's fallen, no more to rise."

9 My own familiar bosom friend,
On whom I most relied,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
With open scorn defied.

10 But thou my sad and wretched state,
In mercy, Lord, regard,



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And raise me up, that all their crimes
May meet their just reward.

11 By this I know thy gracious ear
Is open, when I call,—
Because thou sufferest not my foes
To triumph in my fall.

12 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace,
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be blessed,
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens expressed.

## PSALM 42.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:—
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God?
"And where his promised aid?"

4 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent;—
When I advanced, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
On thee and Sion still,



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From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
And Mizar's humbler hill.

7 One trouble calls another on,
And, gathering o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.

8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispelled this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

10 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:—
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
"And where his promised aid?"

11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

## PSALM 43.

1 JUST Judge of heaven, against my foes
Do thou assert my injured right;
O set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.

2 Since thou art still my only Stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress?

3 Let me with light and truth be blessed;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

5 Why, then, cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?



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On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

## PSALM 44.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders, in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs:—

2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land,
Dispeopled by repeated strokes
Of thy avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save;—

But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King;
O! therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 Through thy victorious name, our arms
The proudest foes shall quell,
And crush them with repeated strokes,
As oft as they rebel.

6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
When I in fight engage,
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdued,
And shamed their spiteful rage.

8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

### PART II.

9 But thou hast cast us off; and now
Most shamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our armies to the field.



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10 Since when, to every upstart foe
We turn our backs in fight;
And with our spoil their malice feast,
Who bear us ancient spite.

11 To slaughter doomed, we fall, like sheep,
Into their butchering hands,
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
Dispersed through heathen lands.

12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves,
And set their price so low,
That not thy treasure, by the sale,
But their disgrace, may grow.

13, 14 Reproached by all the nations round,
The heathen's by-word grown,
Whose scorn of us is, both in speech
And mocking gestures, shown,—

15 Confusion strikes me blind, my face
In conscious shame I hide,
16 While we are scoffed, and God blasphemed,
By their licentious pride.

PART III.

17 On us this heap of woes is fallen,
All this we have endured,
Yet have not, Lord, renounced thy name,
Or faith to thee abjured,—

18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
Our hearts and steps with care,
19 Though thou hast broken all our strength,
And we almost despair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,
On other gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all hearts
The treacherous crime descry?

22 Thou seest what sufferings, for thy sake,
We every day sustain;
All slaughtered, or reserved like sheep
Appointed to be slain.

23 Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
For ever sue in vain.



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24 O! wherefore hidest thou thy face
From our afflicted state,
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
With grief's oppressive weight?
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliverance make;
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

## PSALM 45.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows,
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince,
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feathered arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fixed,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove;—
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed,
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.



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8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
Thy royal robes abound,
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,
Spread grateful odours round.

9 Among the honourable train
Did princely virgins wait;
The queen was placed at thy right hand
In golden robes of state.

PART II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
And to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now,
And every former friend.

11 So shall thy beauty charm the King,
Nor shall his love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord;
To him due reverence pay.

12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
Shall humble presents make,
And all the wealthy nations sue
Thy favour to partake.

13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer soul
All inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of purest gold,
Adorned with costly skill.

14 She, in her nuptial garments dressed,
With needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
Shall to the King be brought.

15 With all the state of solemn joy
The triumph moves along,
Till, with wide gates, the royal court
Receives the pompous throng.

16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
Must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to different realms may'st send,
To govern and protect:—

17 Whilst this my song to future times
Transmits thy glorious name,
And makes the world, with one consent,
Thy lasting praise proclaim.



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## PSALM 46.

1 GOD is our Refuge in distress,
A present Help when dangers press;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock the assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

6 In tumults when the heathen raged,
And kingdoms war against us waged,
He thundered, and dispersed their powers.
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,—
Our Tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.

8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How he has calmed the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thundering chariots, too,
Into devouring flames were hurled.

10 Submit to God's almighty sway;
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,—
Our Tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

## PSALM 47.

1, 2 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.



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## PSALM 48.

5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

9 Our chiefs and tribes, that, far from hence,
To serve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their constant, sure Defence:
How great and glorious is his name!

## PSALM 48.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

2 Her towers, the joy of all the earth,
With beauteous prospect rise;
On her north side the Almighty King's
Imperial city lies.

3 God in her palaces is known;
His presence is her guard;
4 Confederate kings withdrew their siege,
And of success despaired.

5 They viewed her walls, admired, and fled,
With grief and terror struck,
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs
Of travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched crew of mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish's wealthy coasts
By eastern winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have seen performed
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

9 Not in our fortresses and walls
Did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fixed our hopes,
In which thou dost reside.



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10 According to thy sovereign name,
Thy praise through earth extends;
Thy powerful arm, as justice guides,
Chastises or defends.

11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp;
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

13 Her forts and palaces survey;
Observe their order well;
That, with assurance, to your heirs
His wonders you may tell.

14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our Guide.

## PSALM 49.

1, 2 LET all the listening world attend,
And my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
With joint consent, give ear.

3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom filled,
Shall good advice impart,
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
Digested in my heart.

4 To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline,
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing
Dark words of deep design.

5 Why should my courage fail in times
Of danger and of doubt,
When sinners, that would me supplant,
Have compassed me about?

6 Those men, that all their hope and trust
In heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph, when they see
Their ill-got wealth increase,—



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7 Are yet unable from the grave
Their dearest friend to free,
Nor can by force of bribes reverse
The Almighty Lord's decree.

8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit,
The price is held too high;
No sums can purchase such a grant,
That man should never die.

10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
Nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.

11 For though they think their stately seats
Shall ne'er to ruin fall,
But their remembrance last in lands
Which by their names they call,—

12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot;
How great soe'er their state,
With beasts, their memory and they
Shall share one common fate.

PART II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus
Absurd conclusions make!
And yet their children, unreclaimed,
Repeat the gross mistake.

14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
The prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice,
Within the grave shall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my soul,
And from the greedy grave
His greater power shall set me free,
And to himself receive.

16 Then fear not thou when worldly men
In envied wealth abound;
Nor though their prosperous house increase,
With state and honour crowned:—

17 For, when they're summoned hence by death,
They leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp
Within the grave they find.



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18 And yet they thought their state was blessed,
Caught in the flatterer's snare,
Who with their vanity complied,
And praised their worldly care.

19 In their forefathers' steps they tread;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they
In endless darkness lie.

20 For man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives,
So like a beast he dies.

## PSALM 50.

1, 2 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appeared,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care:
The heavens his justice shall declare;
For God himself shall sentence give.

7, 8 Attend, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept:



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10 The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle, too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields:
12 If seized with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughtered bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their flesh, and drink their blood?
14 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free;
And thou returns of praise shalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus saith God:—
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my covenant take?

17 For, stubborn, thou, confirmed in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,
And of my word didst lightly speak:
18 When thou a subtle thief didst see,
Thou gladly with him didst agree,
And with adulterers didst partake.

19 Vile slander is thy chief delight;
Thy tongue, by envy moved, and spite,
Deceitful tales does hourly spread:
20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
The offspring of thy mother's bed.

21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with silence and with love,
Till thou didst wickedly surmise
That I was such a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy sins before thine eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilst none shall dare your cause to own:



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23 Who praises me due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

## PSALM 51.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgment right.

5 In guilt each part was formed
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
Does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
My tender soul inspire.

7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind, forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

### PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;



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Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

12 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

13 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

14 My guilt of blood remove,
My Saviour and my God,
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow closed and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.

16 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

17 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

18 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assured,
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.

19 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay,
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

## PSALM 52.

1 IN vain, O man of lawless might,
Thou boast'st thyself in ill,
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
Vouchsafes his favour still.

2 Thy wicked tongue doth slanderous tales
Maliciously devise,



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And, sharper than a razor set,
It wounds with treacherous lies.

3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
On lies than truth employed;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
The guiltless are destroyed.

5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away,
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the world, to stay.

6 The just, with pious fear, shall see
The downfal of thy pride,
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
And thus thy fall deride:—

7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"Who proudly God defied,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still
"On wicked arts relied."

8 But I am like those olive-plants
That shade God's temple round,
And hope with his indulgent grace
To be for ever crowned.

9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God,
Extol thy wondrous love,
And on thy name with patience wait,
For this thy saints approve.

## PSALM 53.

1 THE wicked fools must sure suppose
That God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
Since virtue all disclaim.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower
The sons of men to view,
To see if any owned his power,
Or truth or justice knew;—

3 But all, he saw, were backward gone,
Degenerate grown and base;
None for religion cared, not one
Of all the sinful race.

4 But are those workers of deceit
So dull and senseless grown,



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That they like bread my people eat,
And God's just power disown?

5 Their causeless fear shall strangely grow,
And they, despised of God,
Shall soon be foiled; his hand shall throw
Their shattered bones abroad.

6 Would he his saving power employ
To break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
Should echo through the land.

## PSALM 54.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious name,
And in thy strength appear
To judge my cause; accept my prayer,
And to my words give ear.

3 Mere strangers, whom I never wronged,
To ruin me designed;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
Against my soul combined.

4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends,
And he's the surest Guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes
Their falsehood's due reward;—

6 While I my grateful offerings bring,
And sacrifice with joy,
And in his praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful danger and distress
The Lord hath set me free;
Through him shall I of all my foes
The just destruction see.

## PSALM 55.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans;
While I my mournful case declare,
With artless sighs and groans.



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3 Hark how the foe insults aloud!
How fierce oppressors rage!
Whose slanderous tongues, with wrathful hate,
Against my fame engage.

4, 5 My heart is racked with pain, my soul
With deadly frights distressed,
With fear and trembling compassed round,
With horror quite oppressed.

6 How often wished I then, that I
The dove's swift wings could get,
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat.

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest passed away.

PART II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
Their counsels soon divide;
For through the city my grieved eyes
Have strife and rapine spied.

10 By day and night, on every wall
They walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength
Are grief and mischief found.

11 Whoe'er through every part shall roam
Will fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts
Maintain in every street.

12 For 'twas not any open foe
That false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
The bitter things he said:—

'Twas none who hatred had professed,
That did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
From his malicious eyes:—

13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend,
Whom tenderest love did join,
Whose sweet advice I valued most,
Whose prayers were mixed with mine.



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15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
Such traitors must surprise,
And sudden death requite those ills
They wickedly devise.

16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

PART III.

18 God has released my soul from those
That did with me contend,
And made a numerous host of friends
My righteous cause defend.

19 For he, who was my Help of old,
Shall now his suppliant hear,
And punish them whose prosperous state
Makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
Perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
And break the strongest ties?

21 Though soft and melting are their words,
Their hearts with war abound;
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
And yet like swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
And he shall thee sustain;
He aids the just, whom to supplant
The wicked strive in vain.

23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
Shall all untimely die;
Whilst I, for health and length of day,
On thee, my God, rely.

## PSALM 56.

1 DO thou, O God, in mercy help,
For man my life pursues;
To crush me with repeated wrongs,
He daily strife renews.

2 Continually my spiteful foes
To ruin me combine;



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Thou seest, who sitt'st enthroned on high,
What mighty numbers join.

3 But, though sometimes surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

5 They wrest my words, and make them speak
A sense they never meant;
Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,
On my destruction bent.

6 In close assemblies they combine,
And wicked projects lay;
They watch my steps, and lie in wait
To make my soul their prey.

7 Shall such injustice still escape?
O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just wrath, too long provoked,
This impious race chastise.

8 Thou numberest all my steps, since first
I was compelled to flee;
My very tears were treasured up,
And registered by thee.

9 When, therefore, I invoke thy aid,
My foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assured that God
My righteous cause will own.

10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

13 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure;—

14 That thus, protected by thy power,
I may this life enjoy,
And in the service of my God
My lengthened days employ.



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## PSALM 57.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend;
On thy protection I depend,
And to thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is passed.

2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sovereign Judge, and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

3 From heaven protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.

4 For I with savage men converse,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce;
With men whose teeth are spears, their words
Envenomed darts and two-edged swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

6 To take me they their net prepared,
And had almost my soul insnared,
But fell themselves, by just decree,
Into the pit they made for me.

7 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

8 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
10 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

11 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.



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## PSALM 58.

1 SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be;
Or must not innocence appeal
To heaven from your decree?

2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice swayed;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
To violence betrayed.

3 To virtue strangers, from the womb
Their infant steps went wrong;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employed their lisping tongue.

4 No serpent of parched Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear;
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.

5 Unmoved by good advice, and deaf
As adders, they remain,
From whom the skilful charmer's voice
Can no attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God, their threatening rage,
And timely break their power;
Disarm these growling lions' jaws,
E'er practised to devour.

7 Let now their insolence, at height,
Like ebbing tides be spent;
Their shivered darts deceive their aim,
When they their bow have bent.

8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime;
Like hasty births, become
Unworthy to behold the sun,
And dead within the womb.

9 Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
Tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
To their eternal doom.

10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
Their crimes with vengeance meet;
And saints in persecutors' blood
Shall dip their harmless feet.



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11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
Just men rewards obtain,
And own a God, whose justice will
The guilty earth arraign.

## PSALM 59.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
From all my spiteful foes;
In my defence oppose thy power
To theirs, who me oppose.

2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
Who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men,
Who seek my blood to spill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty powers
Against my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st,
For no offence of mine.

4 In haste they run about, and watch
My guiltless life to take;
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
And to my help awake.

5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
Their heathen rage suppress;
Relentless vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.

6 At evening, to beset my house,
Like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
And ransack every street.

7 Their throats envenomed slander breathe,
Their tongues are sharpened swords;
"Who hears?" say they, "or, hearing, dares
"Reprove our lawless words?"

8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
Their baffled plots deride;
And soon to shame and scorn expose
Their boasted heathen pride.

9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
Who only canst defend.



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10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foes to me.

11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once;
Restrain thy vengeful blow;
Lest we, ungratefully, too soon
Forget their overthrow.

Disperse them through the nations round
By thy avenging power;
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tower;—

12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
Their arrogance chastise,
Whose tongues have sinned without restraint,
And curses joined with lies.

13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
Thine anger, Lord, suppress,
That distant lands, by their just doom,
May Israel's God confess.

14 At evening let them still persist,
Like growling dogs, to meet,
Still wander all the city round,
And traverse every street.

15 Then, as for malice now they do,
For hunger let them stray,
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
Defeated of their prey;—

16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wondrous power confess;
For thou hast been my sure Defence,
My Refuge in distress.

17 To thee, with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

## PSALM 60.

1 O GOD, who hast our troops dispersed,
Forsaking those who left thee first,
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us, in mercy, Lord, return.



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## PSALM 61.

2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand;
O! heal the breaches thou hast made;
We shake, we fall, without thy aid!

3 Our folly's sad effects we feel,
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel;
4 But now, for them who thee revered,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner reared.

5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect;
Lord, hear the prayers that we direct;
6 The holy God has spoke, and I,
O'erjoyed, on his firm word rely:—

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.

7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab my slave and drudge shall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Palestine's imperious state
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9 But who shall quell these mighty powers,
And clear my way to Edom's towers?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The path that doth to conquest lead?—

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispersed
Our troops (for we forsook thee first;)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
Atoned, thou wilt victorious make.

11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain,
For human succours are but vain;
12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows;
'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

## PSALM 61.

1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my prayer,
Which I, oppressed with grief,
2 From earth's remotest part address
To thee for kind relief.



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## PSALM 62.

O! lodge me safe beyond the reach
Of persecuting power,
3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
Hast been my sheltering Tower.

4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
Secure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
All future storms defy.

5 In sign my vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy chosen reign;
6 O! bless with long and prosperous life
The king thou didst ordain.

7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
Accepted in thy sight,
And let thy truth and mercy both
In his defence unite.

8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
Thy name for ever bless,
Devote my prosperous days to pay
The vows of my distress.

## PSALM 62.

1, 2 MY soul for help on God relies;
From him alone my safety flows;
My Rock, my Health, that strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.

3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented stone.

4 To make my envied honours less,
They strive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, though with their mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward spite.

5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose;
My Rock and Health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my Fortress and Defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.



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8 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

9 The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And, laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both outweigh.

10 Then trust not in oppressive ways;
By spoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your gain.

11 For God has oft his will expressed,
And I this truth have fully known,—
To be of boundless power possessed,
Belongs, of right, to God alone.

12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

## PSALM 63.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O! to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays;
3 Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
5 My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;



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7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
I rest with safety and delight.

8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless power
In her support is daily shown:

9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my destruction wish; and they
That seek my life shall lose their own.

10 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
But God shall fill the king with joy:

11 Who thee confess shall still rejoice;
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

## PSALM 64.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.

2 O! hide me, with thy tenderest care,
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm,
They whet their tongues like swords,
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
Sharp lies, and bitter words.

4 Lurking in private, at the just
They take their secret aim,
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of fear and shame.

5 To carry on their ill designs
They mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares,
And think that none shall see.

6 With utmost diligence and care
Their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts
Are only to betray.



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7 But God, to anger justly moved,
His dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
Shall swift destruction send.

8 Those slanders, which their mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes, disclosed, shall make them be
Despised and shunned by all.

9 The world shall then God's power confess,
And nations, trembling, stand,
Convinced that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand:—

10 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the listening earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

## PSALM 65.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try,
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blessed is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

5 By wondrous acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround,

6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless power engage,
With which the sea's loud waves he stills,
And angry crowds' tumultuous rage.



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PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barbarous lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful tokens view;
With joy they see the night and day
Each other's track, by turns, pursue.

9 From out thy inexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

10 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrowed valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blessed increase distils.

11 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

12 They drop on barren forests, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

## PSALM 66.

1, 2 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise,
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise;—

3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

4 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess,
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

5 O! come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,



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That he, to all the sons of men,
Has wondrous judgment shown.

6 He made the sea become dry land,
Through which our fathers walked;
Whilst to each other of his might
With joy his people talked.

7 He, by his power, for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sovereign sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O! all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise,
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

10 For thou hast tried us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
Oppressing burdens bore.

12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
Through fire and water chase;
But yet, at last, thou brought'st us forth
Into a wealthy place.

13 Burnt-offerings to thy house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
14 Which I, with solemn zeal, did make
In trouble's dismal day.

15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,
The fattest rams shall fall,
The choicest goats from out the fold,
And bullocks from the stall.

16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with needful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his name,
Who, if my heart had harboured sin
Would all my prayers disclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend,



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And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

20 Then blessed for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

## PSALM 67.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine ;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O ! let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose,
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

## PSALM 68.

1 LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes ;
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his power oppose.



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2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.

3 But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

4 To him your voice in anthems raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronise,
And judge the injured widow's cause.

6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Restores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil
Their proud oppressors' righteous doom.

7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead
In person, Lord, our armies forth;
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook the astonished earth.

8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,
And heaven's high arches shook with fear;
How, then, should Sinai's humble hill
Of Israel's God the presence bear?

9 Thy hand, at famished earth's complaint,
Relieved her from celestial stores,
And, when thy heritage was faint,
Assuaged the drought with plenteous showers

10 Where savages had ranged before
At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
And, in the desert, for the poor
Thy generous bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the word, we sallied forth,
And in that powerful word o'ercame;
While virgin troops, with songs of mirth,
In state our conquest did proclaim.



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12 Vast armies, by such generals led
As yet had ne'er received a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
And to our women left the spoil.

13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
Your army's wing shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sun-shine seen,
Or silvered o'er with paler light.

14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
O'er scattered kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
High Salmon's glittering snow outshone.

15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
And Bashan's hill, we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.

16 But wherefore (though the honour's great)
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.

17 His chariots numberless; his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honoured Sinai's hill.

18 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

19 For benefits each day bestowed,
Be daily his great name adored,
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

21 But justice for his hardened foes
Proportioned vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those
Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.

22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke:—
"As I subdued proud Bashan's king,



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"Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
"And from the deep my servants bring.

23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood
"Of slaughtered foes be covered o'er,
"Nor earth receive such impious blood,
"But leave for dogs the unhallowed gore."

PART III.

24 When, marching to thy blessed abode,
The wondering multitude surveyed
The pompous state of thee, our God,
In robes of majesty arrayed,—

25 Sweet-singing Levites led the van;
Loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops, a virgin train
With voice and timbrel charmed the ear.

26 This was the burthen of their song:—
"In full assemblies bless the Lord;
"All who to Israel's tribes belong,
"Of Israel's God the praise record."

27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counsellors in state did send;—

But Zebulon's remoter seat,
And Naphtali's more distant coast,
The grand procession to complete,
Sent up their tribes, a princely host.

28 Thus God to strength and union brought
Our tribes, at strife till that blessed hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm with fresh recruits of power.

29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion, thy terrestrial throne,
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And thee with offered crowns atone.

30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat
Like pampered herds of savage might;
Their silver-armoured chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive war delight.

31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring,



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32 The scattered kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sovereign's praises sing,—

33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heaven, sublimely rides,
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.

34 Ascribe the power to God most high;
Of humble Israel he takes care;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors through the air.

35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fixed his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To give God praise, and him alone.

## PSALM 69.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul;
2 With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

3 With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint,
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, though numerous, are but few,
Compared with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate; grown now of might
To execute their lawless spite.

They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As rapine, what by right was mine;
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see,
Nor are my sins concealed from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,
Lest, for my sake, thy saints despair;
7 Since I have suffered for thy name
Reproach, and hid my face in shame;—

8 A stranger to my country grown,
Nor to my nearest kindred known;
A foreigner, exposed to scorn
By brethren of my mother born:—

9 For zeal to thy loved house and name
Consumes me like devouring flame;



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Concerned at their affronts to thee
More than at slanders cast on me.

10 My very tears and abstinence
They construe in a spiteful sense;
11 When clothed with sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common proverb make.

12 Their judges at my wrongs do jest,
Those wrongs they ought to have redressed:
How should I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store;
Display thy truth's preserving power.

14 From threatening dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

15 Control the deluge, ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face;
Make haste, for desperate is my case;
18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn
I from my enemies have borne;
Nor can their close-dissembled spite,
Or darkest plots, escape thy sight.

20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I looked for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain;
But looked, alas! for both in vain.

21 With hunger pined, for food I call;
Instead of food, they give me gall;
And, when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.



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22 Their tables, therefore, to their health
Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes,
And sudden blasts their hopes surprise.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour,
25 And make their house a dismal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.

26 For new afflictions they procured
For him who had thy stripes endured,
And made the wound thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
Till they to truth have lost the way:
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names enrol.

29 But me, howe'er distressed and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore;
30 Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

33 For God regards the poor's complaint,
Sets prisoners free from close restraint;
34 Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect,
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect,
Till all her scattered sons repair
To undisturbed possession there.

36 This blessing they shall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath,
And they to endless ages more
Of such as his blessed name adore.

## PSALM 70.

1 O LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more pressing need;
For my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.



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2 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Insnared in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mocked my confidence in thee,
And sport of my afflictions made.

4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be raised,
And all, who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be praised.

5 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

## PSALM 71.

1, 2 IN thee I put my steadfast trust;
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
For righteous is thy name.

3 Be thou my strong Abiding-place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.

6 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
To sing thy constant praise.

7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise,
My mouth shall always fill.

9 Reject not, then, thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay;
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.



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10 My foes against my fame and me
With crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
And mutual counsel take.

11 "His God," say they, "forsakes him now,
"On whom he did rely;
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
"Of timely aid is nigh."

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far;
For speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
That seek to work my fall.

14 But, as for me, my steadfast hope
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous acts, and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare,
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summed with utmost care.

16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on,
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me, from my youth,
To praise thy glorious name;
And, ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

18 Then now forsake me not, when I
Am gray and feeble grown,
Till I to these and future times
Thy strength and power have shown.

19 How high thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wondrous are
The mighty works which thou hast done!
Who may with thee compare?

20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely pressed,
Thy grace shall yet relieve,
And, from the lowest depth of woe,
With tender care retrieve.



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21 Through thee, my time to come shall be
With power and greatness crowned;
And me, who dismal years have passed,
Thy comfort shall surround.

22 Then I, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, will praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeemed,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts
Shall all the day proclaim,
Because thou didst confound my foes,
And brought'st them all to shame.

## PSALM 72.

1 LORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy people judge
With pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just Protector find.

3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace,
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness;—

4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

5 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

6 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth,
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.



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7 In his blessed days, the just and good
Shall be with favour crowned;
The happy land shall, every where,
With endless peace abound.

8 His uncontrolled dominion shall
From sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.

9 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquished foes shall lick the dust
Where he his conquests spreads.

10 The king of Tarshish, and the isles,
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

11 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay,
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

12 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

PART II.

13 His providence for needy souls
Shall due supplies prepare,
And over their defenceless lives
Shall watch with tender care.

14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
From fraud and rapine free,
And, in his sight, their guiltless blood
Of mighty price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
To many years extend,
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.

For him shall constant prayers be made,
Through all his prosperous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.



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16 Of useful grain, through all the land,
Great plenty shall appear;
A handful, sown on mountain's top,
A mighty crop shall bear;—

Its fruits, like cedars shook by winds,
A rattling noise shall yield;
The city, too, shall thrive, and vie
For plenty with the field.

17 The memory of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blessed,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confessed.

18 Then blessed be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.

19 Let earth be with his glory filled;
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

## PSALM 73.

1 AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My staggering feet had almost failed;
I grieved the sinner's wealth to view,
And envied when the fools prevailed.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
And, whilst they live, are hale and strong;
No plagues or troubles them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.

6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
And rapine seems their robe of state;
Their eyes stand out with fatness swelled;
They grow, beyond their wishes, great.



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8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Oppressive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk;
Their blasphemies to heaven ascend.

10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
Who servile visits duly make,
Because with plenty they abound,
Of which their flattering slaves partake.

11 Their fond opinions these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our actions view?
"Can he perceive, who dwells so high?"

12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increased each day,
And all their actions meet success.

13, 14 "Then have I cleansed my heart," said I,
"And washed my hands from guilt, in vain,
"If all the day oppressed I lie,
"And every morning suffer pain."

15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
But if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their cause betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me,
Till to the house of God I went;
Then I their end did plainly see.

18 How high soe'er advanced, they all
On slippery places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
Despised by thee, when they're destroyed;
As waking men with scorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employed.

21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppressed,
My reins were racked with restless pains;
So stupid was I, like a beast,
Who no reflecting thought retains.



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23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supplied,
And thy right hand assistance gave;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

25 Whom, then, in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.

26 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But, as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

## PSALM 74.

1 WHY hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O! why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
The land that is thy own,
By thee redeemed; and Zion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.

3 O! come, and view our ruined state;
How long our troubles last;
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
Has laid thy temple waste.

4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name; where late
Thy zealous servants prayed,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
Their banners have displayed.

5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
Advance the artist's fame,
With axe and hammer they destroy,
Like works of vulgar frame.



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7 Thy holy temple they have burned;
And what escaped the flame
Has been profaned, and quite defaced,
Though sacred to thy name.

8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
Maliciously they aimed;
And all the sacred places burned,
Where we thy praise proclaimed.

9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
No tender signs to send;
We have no prophet now, that knows
When this sad state shall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
The insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name
For evermore be lost?

11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,
And on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly lett'st it rest?

12 Thou heretofore, with kingly power,
In our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wondering world,
Hast great salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, who didst the sea
By thy own strength divide;
Thou brak'st the watery monsters' heads;
The waves o'erwhelmed their pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
That seemed the deep to sway,
Was by thy power destroyed, and made
To savage beasts a prey.

15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
The waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st through parted streams
Thy wandering people go.

16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feebler light.



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17 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes
Have daily urged our shame;
And how the foolish people have
Blasphemed thy holy name.

19 O! free thy mourning turtle-dove,
By sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
For evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient covenant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land
Is filled with men of blood.

21 O! let not the oppressed return
With sorrow clothed and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf;
Thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools
Each day thy name profane.

23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
For evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastised,
Will more and more increase.

## PSALM 75.

1 TO thee, O God, we render praise,
To thee with thanks repair;
For that thy name to us is nigh,
Thy wondrous works declare.

2 In Israel when my throne is fixed,
With me shall justice reign;
3 The land with discord shakes, but I
The sinking frame sustain.

4 Deluded wretches I advised
Their errors to redress;



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And warned bold sinners, that they should
Their swelling pride suppress.

5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
No power could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
To speak with less disdain:—

6 For that promotion, which to gain
Your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet
From southern climes, arrives.

7 For God the great Disposer is,
And sovereign Judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup;
With purple wine 'tis crowned;
The deadly mixture which his wrath
Deals out to nations round.

Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
But wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemned
To drink the very lees.

9 His prophet, I, to all the world,
This message will relate;
The justice, then, of Jacob's God
My song shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
Their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and seat him high
Above the reach of harm.

## PSALM 76.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
Almighty there by wonders shown,
His name in Jacob does excel:

2 His sanctuary in Salem stands;
The Majesty that heaven commands
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, and tempered sword, and spear;
There, slain, the mighty army lay:



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4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil:
Securely down to sleep they lay,
But waked no more; their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his, that did their legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night:
7 When thou, whom earth and heaven revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal power can stand thy sight?

8 Pronounced from heaven, earth heard its doom,
Grew hushed with fear, when thou didst come
9 The meek with justice to restore:
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of almighty power.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring
Vowed presents to the eternal King:
Thus to his name due reverence pay,
12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible
Than to their trembling subjects they.

## PSALM 77.

1 TO God I cried, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble prayer.

All night my festering wound did run;
No med'cine gave relief;
My soul no comfort would admit;
My soul indulged her grief.

3 I thought on God, and favours past;
But that increased my pain:
I found my spirit more oppressed,
The more I did complain.



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4 Through every watch of tedious night
Thou keep'st my eyes awake:
My grief is swelled to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.

5 I called to mind the days of old,
With signal mercy crowned;
Those famous years of ancient times,
For miracles renowned.

6 By night I recollect my songs,
On former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
Where's now that wondrous aid?

7 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favours quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
Retired to endless night?

9 Can his long-practised love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and sealed
His mercy's healing spring?

10 I said, My weakness hints these fears,
But I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate;
My tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodged from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are;
Who is so great a God as ours?
Who can with him compare?

14 Long since a God of wonders thee
Thy rescued people found;
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliverance crowned.

16 When thee, O God the waters saw,
The frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves, for fear,
Beneath their channels sunk.

17 The clouds poured down, while rending skies
Did with their noise conspire;



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Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heaven with thy thunder's voice was torn,
Whilst all the lower world
With lightnings blazed; earth shook, and seemed
From her foundations hurled.

19 Through rolling streams thou find'st thy way,
Thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous passage, where no sight
Thy footsteps can descry.

20 Thou ledd'st thy people, like a flock,
Safe through the desert land,
By Moses, their meek, skilful guide,
And Aaron's sacred hand.

## PSALM 78.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths, of old,—

3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

4 We will not hide them from our sons;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this law ordained,
This league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, conveyed;—

6 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs;—

7 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;



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That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands ;—

8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove
A stiff, rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
Unsteadfast in his grace.

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons,
Who, though to warfare bred,
And skilful archers, armed with bows,
From field ignobly fled.

10, 11 They falsified their league with God,
His orders disobeyed,
Forgot his works and miracles
Before their eyes displayed.

12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw,
Did they in mind retain,
Prodigious things, in Egypt done,
And Zoan's fertile plain.

13 He cut the sea to let them pass,
Restrained the pressing flood,
While, piled on heaps, on either side
The solid waters stood.

14 A wondrous pillar led them on,
Composed of shade and light ;
A shelt'ring cloud it proved by day,
A leading fire by night.

15 When drought oppressed them, where no stream
The wilderness supplied,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
Dissolved into a tide.

16 Streams from the solid rock he brought,
Which down in rivers fell,
That, travelling with their camp, each day
Renewed the miracle.

17 Yet there they sinned against him more,
Provoking the Most High,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls supply.

18 They first incensed him in their hearts,
That did his power distrust,
And longed for meat, not urged by want,
But to indulge their lust ;—



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19 Then uttered their blaspheming doubts;
"Can God," say they, "prepare
"A table in the wilderness,
"Set out with various fare?

20 "He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
"And gushing streams ensued;
"But can he corn and flesh provide
"For such a multitude?"

21 The Lord with indignation heard:
From heaven avenging flame
On Jacob fell; consuming wrath
On thankless Israel came;—

22 Because their unbelieving hearts
In God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heaven
Their wants so oft supplied;—

23 Though he had made his clouds discharge
Provisions down in showers;
And, when earth failed, relieved their needs
From his celestial stores;—

24 Though tasteful manna was rained down
Their hunger to relieve;
Though from the stores of heaven they did
Sustaining corn receive.

25 Thus man, with angels' sacred food,
Ungrateful man, was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found
A plenteous table spread.

26 From heaven he made an east wind blow,
Then did the south command
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
Like sea's unnumbered sand.

28 Within their trenches he let fall
The luscious, easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp
The ready booty lay.

29 They fed, were filled; he gave them leave
Their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust craved on,
Nor with their hunger ceased.

But whilst, in their luxurious mouths,
They did their dainties chew,



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The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
And Israel's chosen slew.

PART II.

32 Yet still they sinned, nor would afford
His miracles belief:
33 Therefore, through fruitless travels, he
Consumed their lives in grief.

34 When some were slain, the rest returned
To God with early cry,
35 Owned him the Rock of their defence,
Their Saviour God most high.

36 But this was feigned submission all;
Their heart their tongue belied;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
Firm in his league abide.

38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
Nor did with death chastise,
But turned his kindled wrath aside,
Or would not let it rise.

39 For he remembered they were flesh,
That could not long remain;
A murmuring wind, that's quickly passed,
And ne'er returns again.

40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls relieve!

41 They tempted him by turning back,
And wickedly repined,
When Israel's God refused to be
By their desires confined;—

42 Nor called to mind the hand and day
That their redemption brought,
43 His signs in Egypt, wondrous works
In Zoan's valley wrought.

44 He turned their rivers into blood,
That man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of thirst,
Than drink the putrid gore.

45 He sent devouring swarms of flies,
Hoarse frogs annoyed their soil,



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46 Locusts and caterpillars reaped
The harvest of their toil.

47 Their vines with battering hail were broke,
With frost the fig-tree dies,
48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds
One general sacrifice.

49 He turned his anger loose, and set
No time for it to cease,
And with their plagues ill angels sent,
Their torments to increase.

50 He cleared a passage for his wrath
To ravage uncontrolled;
The murrain on their firstlings seized,
In every field and fold.

51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
From field to city, came;
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
Through all the tents of Ham.

52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
He brought from their distress,
And them conducted, like a flock,
Throughout the wilderness.

53 He led them on, and in their way
No cause of fear they found,
But marched securely through those deeps,
In which their foes were drowned.

54 Nor ceased his care, till them he brought
Safe to his promised land,
And to his holy mount, the prize
Of his victorious hand.

55 To them the outcast heathen's land
He did by lot divide,
And in their foe's abandoned tents
Made Israel's tribes reside.

PART III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provoked
The wrath of God most high,
Nor would to practise his commands
Their stubborn hearts apply;—

57 But in their faithless fathers' steps
Perversely chose to go;



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They turned aside, like arrows shot
From some deceitful bow.

58 For him to fury they provoked
With altars set on high,
And with their graven images
Inflamed his jealousy.

59 When God heard this, on Israel's tribes
His wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
Where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile captivity his ark,
His glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave,
Nor would his wrath restrain.

63 Destructive war their ablest youth
Untimely did confound;
No virgin to the altar led,
With nuptial garlands crowned.

64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
The priest a victim bled,
And widows, who their death should mourn,
Themselves of grief were dead.

65 Then, as a giant, roused from sleep,
Whom wine had throughly warmed,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awaked,
And his proud foe alarmed.

66 He smote their host, that from the field
A scattered remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
Of everlasting shame.

67 With conquest crowned, he Joseph's tents
And Ephraim's tribe forsook;
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
For his loved dwelling took.

69 His temple he erected there,
With spires exalted high,
While deep, and fixed, as those of earth,
The strong foundations lie.

70 His faithful servant, David, too,
He for his choice did own,
And from the sheepfolds him advanced
To sit on Judah's throne.



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71 From tending on the teeming ewes
He brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
Of Israel's chosen seed.

72 Exalted thus, the monarch proved
A faithful shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright heart,
And guided them with skill.

## PSALM 79.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Have thy possession seized!
Thy sacred house they have defiled,
Thy holy city razed!

2 The mangled bodies of thy saints
Abroad unburied lay,
Their flesh exposed to savage beasts,
And ravenous birds of prey.

3 Quite through Jerusalem was their blood
Like common water shed,
And none were left alive to pay
Last duties to the dead.

4 The neighbouring lands our small remains
With loud reproaches wound,
And we a laughing-stock are made
To all the nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring, jealous rage,
Like fire, for ever burn?

6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
Thy heavy vengeance shower;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
That have not owned thy power.

7 For their devouring jaws have preyed
On Jacob's chosen race,
And to a barren desert turned
Their fruitful dwelling-place.

8 O! think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.



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9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

10 Let infidels, that, scoffing, say,
"Where is the God they boast?"
In vengeance for thy slaughtered saints,
Perceive thee to their cost.

11 Lord, hear the sighing prisoner's moans,
Thy saving power extend,
Preserve the wretches doomed to die
From that untimely end.

12 On them who us oppress let all
Our sufferings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more
Than what on us they laid.

13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name,
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

## PSALM 80.

1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh joined,
In our deliverance the effects
Of thy resistless strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

4 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

5 When hungry, we are forced to drench
Our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench
With streams of tears that largely flow.



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6 For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, contest;
Our foes with spiteful joys abound,
And at our lost condition jest.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, blessed with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

10, 11 The hills were covered with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reached to proud Euphrates' stream.

12 Why, then, hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadst made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,
Are plucked by those that pass along.

13 See how the bristling forest boar,
With dreadful fury, lays it waste!
Hark! how the savage monsters roar,
And to their helpless prey make haste!

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long,
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down;



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At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.

17 Crown thou the King with good success,
By thy right hand secured from wrong;
The Son of man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame,
And, if once more revived by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.

19 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

## PSALM 81.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
With loud applauses sing,
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets, at the great new moon,
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate the appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was, of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observed
By Israel's chosen seed.

5 This he for a memorial fixed,
When, freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations' barbarous speech we heard,
But could not understand.

6 Your burdened shoulders I relieved,
(Thus seems our God to say;)
Your servile hands by me were freed
From labouring in the clay.

7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppressed,
To me for aid did call:



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With pity I their sufferings saw,
And set them free from all.

They sought for me, and, from the cloud,
In thunder I replied;
At Meribah's contentious stream
Their faith and duty tried.

PART II.

8 While I my solemn will declare,
My chosen people, hear:
If thou, O Israel, to my words
Wilt lend thy listening ear,—

9 Then shall no god besides myself
Within thy coasts be found,
Nor shalt thou worship any god
Of all the nations round.

10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from Egypt's land;
'Tis I that all thy just desires
Supply with liberal hand.

11 But they, my chosen race, refused
To hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
Make me their happy choice.

12 So I, provoked, resigned them up,
To every lust a prey,
And in their own perverse designs
Permitted them to stray.

13 O that my people wisely would
My just commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

14 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turned
Against their numerous foes.

15 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.

16 All parts with plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their field:



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The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

## PSALM 82.

1 GOD in the great assembly stands,
Where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.

2, 3 How dare ye, then, unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor;
Let such your justice find.

4 Protect the humble, helpless man,
Reduced to deep distress;
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's supports,
Through all the land decay.

6 Well, then, might God in anger say,
"I've called you by my name;
"I've said, Ye're gods, and all allied
"To the Most High in fame;—

7 "But, ne'ertheless, your unjust deeds
"To strict account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common men,
"Like other tyrants fall."

8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display,
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway

## PSALM 83.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor, with consenting, quiet looks,
Our ruin calmly see.

2 For, lo! the tumults of thy foes
O'er all the land are spread,
And those who hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.



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3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
They craftily combine,
And to destroy thy chosen saints
Have laid their close design.

4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they
"Their nation quite deface,
"That no remembrance may remain
"Of Israel's hated race."

5 Thus they against thy people's peace
Consult with one consent;
And differing nations, jointly leagued,
Their common malice vent.

6 The Ishmaelites, that dwell in tents,
With warlike Edom joined,
And Moab's sons, our ruin vow,
With Hagar's race combined.

7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
With Amalek conspire,
The lords of Palestine, and all
The wealthy sons of Tyre.

8 All these the strong Assyrian king
Their firm ally have got,
Who, with a powerful army, aids
The incestuous race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let such vengeance come to them
As once to Midian came,
To Jabin and proud Sisera,
At Kishon's fatal stream,—

10 When thy right hand their numerous hosts
Near Endor did confound,
And left their carcasses for dung
To feed the hungry ground.

11 Let all their mighty men the fate
Of Zeb and Oreb share;
As Zeba and Zalmuna, so
Let all their princes fare,—

12 Who, with the same design inspired,
Thus, vainly boasting, spake:
"In firm possession for ourselves
"Let us God's houses take."



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13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels
Which downward swiftly move;
Like chaff before the wind, let all
Their scattered forces prove.

14, 15 As flames consume dry wood, or heath,
That on parched mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
With terrors strike thy foes.

16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
That they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whose hardened hearts
Thy gentler means disclaim.

18 So shall the wondering world confess,
That thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
Hast raised thy lofty throne.

## PSALM 84.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blessed abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God
How highly blessed are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!—

6 Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are filled with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.



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7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount,
Before their God, appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard:
Thou God of Jacob, let my prayer
Be still with favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense;
On thy anointed servant look;
Be thou his strong Defence.

10 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides,
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blessed is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on thee!

## PSALM 85.

1 LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
The favours we implored,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restored.

2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast forgiven,
And all their guilt defaced;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn,
That, quenched with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.



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5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he, with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation's near,
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.

10 For mercy now with truth is joined;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.

13 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare,
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

## PSALM 86.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distressed, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.



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5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

6 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided prayers and praise
To thy blessed name restore.

10 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme;
Confess thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In reverence to thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my power to tell,
For thou hast oft redeemed my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
Have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy power, that oft
Has my deliverance wrought.

15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring,
Of patience, mercy, and of truth.
Thou everlasting Spring!



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16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me, thy servant, show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
Thine handmaid's son, bestow.

17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
May see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
And comfort dost engage.

## PSALM 87.

1 GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of the Almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her;
6 His general list shall show, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers filled
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skilled;
And (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring,
Like water from a living spring.

## PSALM 88.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I,
By day and night, address my cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear;
To my distress incline thine ear.

3 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade;



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4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;—
5 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.

7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have pressed,
Too weak, alas! to bear the least.

8 Removed from friends, I sigh alone,
In a loathed dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confined, past hopes of liberty.

9 My eyes from weeping never cease;
They waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've prayed,
With out-stretched hands invoked thy aid.

10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison would'st not bring?

11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess?
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and power renown obtain
Where darkness and oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn;
My prayer prevents the early morn:
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors passed distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath has burst upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my soul with dread,
17 Environed as with waves combined,
And for a general deluge joined;—

18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Removed from sight, and out of call,
To dark oblivion all retired,
Dead, or, at least, to me expired.



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## PSALM 89.

1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirmed, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:—
"With David I a league have made;
"To him, my servant, and my choice,
"By solemn oath this grant conveyed:

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
"Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
"To them thy throne I will ensure;
"They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who, among the gods of earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renowned?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And didst oppressing power disarm;
Thy scattered foes have dearly tried
The force of thy resistless arm.



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11 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

12 The poles, on which the globe does rest,
Were formed by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining power rejoice.

13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
14 Possessed of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

15 Happy, thrice happy, they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound,
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crowned.

16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoyed,
Who on thy sacred name rely,
And, in thy righteousness employed,
Above their foes be raised on high.

17 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
18 The Lord of hosts is our Defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:—
"A mighty champion I will send;
"From Judah's tribe have I made choice
"Of one, who shall the rest defend.

20 "My servant David I have found,
"With holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him shall the hand support that crowned,
"And guard, that gave the diadem.

22 "No prince from him shall tribute force,
"No son of strife shall him annoy;
23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse,
"And them before his face destroy.

24 "My truth and grace shall him sustain;
"His armies, in well-ordered ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main
"To Tigris' and Euphrates' banks.

26 "Me for his Father he shall take,
"His God and Rock of safety call;



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27 "Him I my first-born son will make,
"And earthly kings his subjects all.
28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
"My covenant make for ever fast;
29 "His seed for ever shall endure;
"His throne, till heaven dissolves, shall last.

PART II.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake,
"And from my sacred precepts stray;
31 "If they my righteous statutes break,
"Nor strictly my commands obey;—
32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
"And for their folly make them smart,
33 "Yet will not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth, like them, depart.
34 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
"But in remembrance fast retain;
"The thing that once my lips have spoke
"Shall in eternal force remain.
35 "Once have I sworn, but once for all,
"And made my holiness the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall,
"Nor to my servant David lie,—
36 "Whose throne and race the constant sun
"Shall, like his course, established see:
37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,
"In heaven my faithful witness be."
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord;
But thou hast now our tribes forsook,
Thy own Anointed hast abhorred,
And turned on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou seemest to have rendered void
The covenant with thy servant made;
Thou hast his dignity destroyed,
And in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
And brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,
A public scorn, and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
To foes, advanced by thee to might;



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43 Thou hast his conquering sword unsteeled,
His valour turned to shameful flight.

44 His glory is to darkness fled,
His throne is levelled with the ground;

45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
With shame o'erwhelmed, and sorrow drowned.

46 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
Till that and we at once expire?

47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.

48 What man is he that can control
Death's strict, unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
The grave, that must mankind entomb?

49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace,
The oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consigned to David and his race,
The grant which time shall ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy servants treated are
With infamy, reproach and spite,
Which in my silent breast I bear,
From nations of licentious might;—

51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
Have made thy servant's hope their jest;

52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, The Lord be blessed.

## PSALM 90.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure Abiding-place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or the earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;



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And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's passed,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood;
We vanish hence like dreams:
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams;—

6 But, howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and withered quite,
Before the evening close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismayed;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off
Like tales that quickly end.

10 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive;
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive,—

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turned and pain;
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

13 O! to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent!



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As we forsake our sins, do thou
Revoke our punishment.

14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send,
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

15 Let happy times, with large amends,
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal, at the least, the term
Of our afflicted years.

16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this,
Thy wondrous work, be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious power be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our works success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

## PSALM 91.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturbed abide:

2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my Fortress and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:

4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

5 No terrors, that surprise by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts, that fly by day;

6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.

7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouched remains;



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8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.

9 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the Highest dost rely,—
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plagues draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and asps, that thirst for blood,
And lions, roaring for their food,
Beneath his conquering feet shall lie:
14 Because he loved and honoured me,
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call: I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls;
Increase his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undisturbed content,
His long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

## PSALM 92.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high,
And, with repeated hymns of praise,
His name to magnify!—

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-stringed instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries joined;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use designed.



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4 For, through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5, 6 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracts, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.

7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-lived splendour must
For ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes;—

10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sovereign power,
And mak'st it largely spread,
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
My consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
To utter ruin brought,
And hear the dismal end of those
Who have against me fought.

12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show,
As cedars that on Lebanon
In stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

15 Thus will the Lord his justice show,
And God, my strong Defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

## PSALM 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.



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## PSALM 94.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

## PSALM 94.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth,
And crush thy haughty foes.

3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
Their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast,
And insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
But, unprovoked, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
And helpless orphans kill.

7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,"
Profanely thus they speak,
"Nor any notice of our deeds
"The God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
Endeavour to discern:
In folly will you still proceed,
And wisdom never learn?

9, 10 Can he be deaf, who formed the ear?
Or blind, who framed the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?

11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men;
To him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.



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PART II.

12 Blessed is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

13 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

15 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf,
When wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress,
My righteous cause shall plead?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipped; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?

21 Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design;
And, blood of innocents to spill,
In solemn league combine.

22 But my defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my Rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
On their own heads to fall;
He in their sins shall cut them off;
Our God shall slay them all.



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## PSALM 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours passed;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is, with unrivalled glory, great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sovereign right, is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O! let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he;
His flock and pasture sheep are we:
If then you'll, like his flock, draw near,
To-day, if you his voice will hear,—

8 Let not your hardened hearts renew
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah.

9 When through the wilderness they moved,
And me with fresh temptations proved,
They still, through unbelief, rebelled,
Whilst they my wondrous works beheld.

10 They forty years my patience grieved,
Though daily I their wants relieved.
Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said,
Whose heart from me has always strayed:—



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11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path:
Therefore to them, in settled wrath,
Since they despised my rest, I sware,
That they should never enter there.

## PSALM 96.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound:
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name;
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crowned:
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they, whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules, who made the skies:
6 With majesty and honour crowned,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.
7 Be therefore both to him restored
By you, who have false gods adored;
Ascribe due honour to his name:
8 Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim;
9 To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banished justice will restore;
11 Let, therefore, heaven new joys confess;
And heavenly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out, with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take:



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## PSALM 97.

From heaven to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

## PSALM 97.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness, and clouds of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixed by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire, before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck;
4 His lightnings set the world on blaze;
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.

5 The proudest hills his presence felt;
Their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like wax did melt
In presence of the Almighty Lord.

6 The heavens, his righteousness to show,
With storms of fire our foes pursued,
And all the trembling world below
Have his descending glory viewed.

7 Confounded be their impious host,
Who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast:
To him, ye gods, your worship pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoyed,
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have pagan pride and power destroyed.

9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

10 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just,



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And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

## PSALM 98.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through the astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let, therefore, earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before the Almighty King.

7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.

8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they,
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey,—

9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.



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## PSALM 99.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherub's wings he sits enthroned;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers;
Yet thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.

3 Let, therefore, all with praise address
His great and dreadful name;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his footstool fall;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness extol.

6 Moses and Aaron thus, of old,
Among his priests adored;
Among his prophets, Samuel thus
His sacred name implored.

Distressed, upon the Lord they called,
Who ne'er their suit denied;
But, as with reverence they implored,
He graciously replied.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
The cloudy pillar moved;
They kept his law, and to his will
Obedient servants proved.

8 He answered them, forgiving oft
His people for their sake,
And those who rashly them opposed
Did sad examples make.

9 With worship, at his sacred courts,
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.



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## PSALM 100.

1, 2 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;—

3 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O! enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;—

5 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

## PSALM 101.

1 OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And steadfast judgment, I will sing;
And, since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.

2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my favourites make that do:
4 Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard.

5 The private slanderer shall be
In public justice doomed by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.

6 But Honesty, called from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care
Shall have the first preferments there.

7 No politics shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:



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None e'er shall to my favour rise,
By flattering or malicious lies.

8 All those who wicked courses take,
An early sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

## PSALM 102.

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O! hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress:
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrow soon redress.

3 Each cloudy portion of my life,
Like scattered smoke, expires;
My shrivelled bones are like a hearth,
Parched with continual fires.

4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
My needful food I mind.

5 By reason of my sad estate,
I spend my breath in groans;
My flesh is worn away, my skin
Scarce hides my starting bones.

6 I'm like a pelican become,
That does in deserts mourn;
Or like an owl, that sits all day
On barren trees forlorn.

7 In watchings, or in restless dreams,
The night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds,
That lonesome roofs frequent.

8 All day, by railing foes, I'm made
The subject of their scorn;
Who all, possessed with furious rage,
Have my destruction sworn.

9 When grovelling on the ground I lie,
Oppressed with grief and fears,



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My bread is strewed with ashes o'er,
My drink is mixed with tears.

10 Because on me with double weight
Thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great,
Didst lift me up on high.

11 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.

12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view,
With an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed day of grace.

14 Her scattered ruins by thy saints
With pity are surveyed;
They grieve to see her lofty spires
In dust and rubbish laid.

15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.

17, 18 When he regards the poor's request
Nor slights their earnest prayer,
Our sons, for their recorded grace,
Shall his just praise declare.

19 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams displayed;
The Lord, from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth surveyed.

20 He listened to the captives' moans,
He heard their mournful cry,
And freed, by his resistless power,
The wretches doomed to die;—

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his name;—



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22 When all the tribes, assembling there,
Their solemn vows address,
And neighbouring lands, with glad consent,
The Lord their God confess.

23 But, ere my race is run, my strength,
Through his fierce wrath, decays;
He has, when all my wishes bloomed,
Cut short my hopeful days.

24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
When half is scarcely passed;
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
To endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.

26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away,
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay:—

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fixed,
Shall in thy presence live.

## PSALM 103.

1, 2 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And, after sickness, makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crowned.

5, 6 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltless sufferer cries,
His foe with just revenge pursues.



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7 God made, of old, his righteous ways
To Moses and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praise,
Were to the sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as feared him always loved.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days,
Like grass or flowers, must fade away.

16, 17 Whilst they are nipped with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way,
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fixed his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

22 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,



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With grateful joy, thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

## PSALM 104.

1 BLESS God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crowned; thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-winged steeds with which he flies

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assigned,
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

5, 6 Earth, on her centre fixed, he set,
Her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dared as yet
To lift above the waves their head.

7 But, when thy awful face appeared,
The insulting waves dispersed; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confessed their dread.

8 Thence up, by secret tracks, they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.

9 There hast thou fixed the ocean's bounds,
The threatening surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

### PART II.

10 Yet thence, in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs, from every lawn,
Surprise the vales with plenteous rills.



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11 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses, on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.

12 There shady trees from scorching beams
Yield shelter to the feathered throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.

13 His rains from heaven parched hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid store,
Till earth is burdened with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of every field;
Herbs, for man's use, of various power,
That either food or physic yield.

15 With clustered grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart, oppressed with cares;
Gives oil, that makes his face to shine,
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.

17 Safe, in the lofty cedar's arms
The wanderers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its towering heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.

19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
The appointed seasons of the year;
The instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence, that sends them prey.



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22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
Till, summoned by the rising morn,
To skulk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.

24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crowned,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25 But still the vast, unfathomed main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form, and every size.

26 Full-freighted ships, from every port,
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.

30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth
To inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restored, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

31 Thus, through successive ages, stands,
Firm fixed, thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair.



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32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

35 While sinners from earth's face are hurled,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
Till with my song the listening world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

## PSALM 105.

1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind,
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assigned.

6 Know ye, his servant Abra'm's seed,
And Jacob's chosen race,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still
Throughout the earth take place.

8 His covenant he hath kept in mind
For numerous ages passed,
Which yet, for thousand ages more,
In equal force shall last;—



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9 First signèd to Abra'm ; next, by oath,
To Isaac made secure ;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law
For ever to endure ;—

11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
When yet but few they were,
12 But few in number, and those few
All friendless strangers there.

13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
Securely they removed ;
14 Whilst proudest monarchs, for their sakes,
Severely he reproved.

15 " These mine anointed are," said he ;
" Let none my servants wrong,
" Nor treat the poorest prophet ill,
" That does to me belong."

16 A dearth, at last, by his command,
Did through the land prevail,
Till corn, the chief support of life,
Sustaining corn, did fail.

17 But his indulgent providence
Had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death,
Who sold him, to prevent.

18 His feet with heavy chains were crushed,
With calumny his fame,
19 Till God's appointed time and word
To his deliverance came.

20 The king his sovereign order sent,
And rescued him with speed ;
Whom private malice had confined,
The people's ruler freed.

21 His court, revenues, realms, were all
Subjected to his will,
22 His greatest princes to control,
And teach his statesmen skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt, then, invited guests,
Half-famished Israel came ;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
The fertile soil of Ham.



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24 The Almighty there with such increase
His people multiplied,
Till with their proud oppressors they
In strength and number vied.

25 Their vast increase the Egyptians' hearts
With jealous anger fired,
Till they his servants to destroy
By treacherous arts conspired.

26 His servant Moses then he sent,
His chosen Aaron too,
27 Empowered with signs and miracles
To prove their mission true.

28 He called for darkness; darkness came;
Nature his summons knew;
29 Each stream and lake, transformed to blood,
The wandering fishes slew.

30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
The pest of frogs was bred,
From noisome fens sent up to croak
At Pharaoh's board and bed.

31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
Came down in cloudy hosts;
Whilst earth's enlivened dust below
Bred lice through all their coasts.

32 He sent them battering hail for rain,
And fire for cooling dew;
33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
And gardens' pride o'erthrew.

34 He spake the word, and locusts came,
And caterpillars joined;
They preyed upon the poor remains
The storm had left behind.

35 From trees to herbage they descend,
No verdant thing they spare;
But, like the naked fallow field,
Leave all the pastures bare.

36 From fields to villages and towns,
Commissioned vengeance flew;
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
And strength of Egypt slew.

37 He brought his servants forth, enriched
With Egypt's borrowed wealth,



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And, what transcends all treasure else,
Enriched with vigorous health.

38 Egypt rejoiced, in hopes to find
Her plagues with them removed;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills
By those already proved.

39 Their shrouding canopy by day
A journeying cloud was spread;
A fiery pillar all the night
Their desert marches led.

40 They longed for flesh; with evening quails
He furnished every tent;
From heaven's high granary, each morn,
The bread of angels sent.

41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast
Poured forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing stream, where'er they marched,
The desert's drought supplied.

42 For still he did on Abra'm's faith
And ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
With triumph his elect;—

44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
From Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
The fruit of others' toil;—

45 That they his statutes might observe,
His sacred laws obey:
For benefits so vast, let us
Our songs of praise repay.

## PSALM 106.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages passed
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;



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Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

6 But, ah! can we expect such grace
Of parents vile the viler race,
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increased the score?

7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his works in Egypt wrought:
The Red Sea they no sooner viewed,
Than they their base distrust renewed.

8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
Once more to their deliverance came,
To make his sovereign power be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

9 To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep disclosed her sand,
Where firm and dry the passage lay,
As through some parched and desert way.

10 Thus rescued from their foes they were,
Who closely pressed upon their rear,
11 Whose rage pursued them to those waves,
That proved the rash pursuers' graves.

12 The watery mountains' sudden fall
O'erwhelmed proud Pharaoh, host and all;
This proof did stupid Israel move
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

PART II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
And for his counsel waited not;
14 But, lusting in the wilderness,
Did him with fresh temptations press.

15 Strong food, at their request, he sent,
But made their sin their punishment:



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16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
The priest and prophet whom he chose.

17 But Earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.

18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wide sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heaven's devouring flame.

19 Near Horeb's mount, a calf they made,
And to the molten image prayed;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They changed their glory to their shame.

21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonished coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.

23 Thus urged, his vengeful hand he reared,
But Moses in the breach appeared;
The saint did for the rebels pray,
And turned Heaven's kindled wrath away.

24 Yet they his pleasant land despised,
Nor his repeated promise prized,
25 Nor did the Almighty's voice obey,
But, when God said, Go up, would stay.

26 This sealed their doom, without redress,
To perish in the wilderness;
27 Or else to be, by heathen's hands,
O'erthrown and scattered through the lands.

PART III.

28 Yet, unreclaimed, this stubborn race
Baal-Peor's worship did embrace;
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.

29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final stroke:
'Tis come, the deadly pest is come,
To execute their general doom.

30 But Phineas, fired with holy rage,
The Almighty vengeance to assuage,



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Did, by two bold offenders' fall,
The atonement make that ransomed all.

31 As him a heavenly zeal had moved,
So Heaven the zealous act approved;
To him confirming, and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.

32 At Meribah, God's wrath they moved,
Who Moses, for their sakes, reproved,
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.

34 Nor, when possessed of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commissioned sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy ;—

35 Not only spared the pagan crew,
But, mingling, learned their vices too,
36 And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betrayed.

37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes ;
Approached their altars through a flood
Of their own sons' and daughters' blood.

No cheaper victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless deities ;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties
The hardened reprobates suffice ;
For after their heart's lust they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.

40 But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhorred.

41 He them, defenceless, did expose
To their insulting heathen foes,
And made them on the triumphs wait
Of those who bore them greatest hate.

42 Nor thus his indignation ceased
Their list of tyrants still increased,



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Till they, who God's mild sway declined,
Were made the vassals of mankind.

43 Yet when, distressed, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But, freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renewed their sins, and he their yoke.

44 Nor yet implacable he proved,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmoved;
45 But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.

46 Compassion, too, he did impart
E'en to their foes' obdurate heart,
And pity for their sufferings bred
In those who them to bondage led.

47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

## PSALM 107.

1 TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands
Of proud, oppressing foes released,
And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south, and west and east.

4, 5 Through lonely, desert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find,
Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting souls within them pined.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafed to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide



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To wealthy towns of great resort,
Where all their wants were well supplied.

8 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

9 For he from heaven the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with darkness compassed round,
In death's uncomfortable shade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By pressing cares more heavy made.

11, 12 Because God's counsels they defied,
And lightly prized his holy word,
With these afflictions they were tried;
They fell, and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafed to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
And shades, as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty bestowed.

15 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

16 For he, with his almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
Or tempered steel resist his stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy;
And, for their multiplied offence,
Oppressed with sore diseases, lie.



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18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats,
And they, by faint degrees, draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
Do they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

20 He all their sad distempers heals;
His word both health and safety gives,
And, when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.

21 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

22 With offerings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name,
For all his acts of wonder, bless.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is passed,
Than forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

26 Sometimes the ships, tossed up to heaven,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driven,
Whilst every soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppressed;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.



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29, 30 He does the raging storm appease.
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

31 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heaven his glorious name,
And in the elders' sovereign court,
With one consent, his praise proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parched and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.

37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.

39 But when his sins Heaven's wrath provoke,
His health and substance fade away;
He feels the oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 The prince, that slights what God commands,
Exposed to scorn, must quit his throne,
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone;—

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high,
And makes, in time, his numerous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then sinners shall have naught to say,
The just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.



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## PSALM 108.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I, with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell;—

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

6 That all thy chosen people thee
Their Saviour may declare,
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer thou my prayer.

7 Since God himself hath said the word,
Whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sechem will divide,
And measure Succoth's vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
And Ephraim owns my cause;
Their strength my regal power supports,
And Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
On vanquished Edom tread,
And through the proud Philistine land,
My conquering banners spread.

10 By whose support and aid shall I
Their well-fenced city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead
Through Edom's guarded plain?



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11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
Which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?

12 O! to thy servant in distress,
Thy speedy succour send;
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
If thou thy power disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

## PSALM 109.

1 O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view;—

2 For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their studied slander seek
To wound my spotless fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
Malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
By causeless fury led.

4 Those, whom with tenderest love I used,
My chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to thee by prayer.

5 Since mischief, for the good I did,
Their strange reward does prove,
And hatred's the return they make
For undissembled love,—

6 Their guilty leader shall be made
To some ill man a slave,
And, when he's tried, his mortal foe
For his accuser have.

7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounced,
Shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected prayer but serves
His crimes to aggravate.



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8 He, snatched by some untimely fate,
Shall live but half his days;
Another, by divine decree,
Shall on his office seize.

9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow, plunged in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
Where none can give relief.

11 His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.

12 None shall be found, that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race,
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins
Upon his head shall fall;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
And punish him for all.

15 All these, in horrid order ranked,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
Their memory from the land.

PART II.

16 Because he never mercy showed,
But still the poor oppressed;
And sought to slay the helpless man,
With heavy woes distressed;—

17 Therefore the curse he loved to vent
Shall his own portion prove;
And blessing, which he still abhorred,
Shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
Like water it shall spread
Through all his veins, and stick like oil,
With which his bones are fed.



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19 This, like a poisoned robe, shall still
His constant covering be,
Or an envenomed belt, from which
He never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those
That ill to me design,
That with malicious, false reports
Against my life combine.

21 But, for thy glorious name, O God,
Do thou deliver me;
And, for thy plenteous mercy's sake,
Preserve and set me free.

22 For I, to utmost straits reduced,
Am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with distress,
And quite pierced through with grief.

23 I, like an evening shade, decline,
Which vanishes apace;
Like locusts, up and down I'm tossed,
And have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,
My body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their heads,
And treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But, for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
Do thou my foes withstand;
That all may see 'tis thine own act,
The work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
Let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek,
While I rejoice in thee.

29 My foe shall with disgrace be clothed,
And, spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak,
The guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise:—

31 For him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant Friend;



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And he shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

## PSALM 110.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake.—
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
2 "Sit thou in state at my right hand:
"Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"And all thy proud opposers see
"Subjected to thy just command.
3 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
"The willing nations shall obey;
"And, when thy rising beams they view,
"Shall all, redeemed from error's night,
"Appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew."
4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crowned heads o'erthrow.
6 The sentenced heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcasses his way,
Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead;
7 But in the highway brooks shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

## PSALM 111.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2 His works, for greatness though renowned,
His wondrous works, with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirmed through ages passed,
Shall to eternal ages last.



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4 By precepts he hath us enjoined
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers signed.

6 At once astonished and o'erjoyed,
They saw his matchless power employed,
Whereby the heathen were suppressed,
And we their heritage possessed.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,

8 By truth and equity sustained,
And for eternal rules ordained.

9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then established his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his name.

10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

## PSALM 112.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT man is blessed, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;

2 His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honours crowned.

3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

4 The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distressed inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

5 His liberal favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;



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Yet, what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that, fixed, on God relies:
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temporal and eternal crown.

10 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

## PSALM 113.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
2 His sacred name for ever bless;
3 Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

4 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
5 With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;



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Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O! then, extol his matchless fame.

## PSALM 114.

1 WHEN Israel, by the Almighty led,
Enriched with their oppressors' spoil,
From Egypt marched, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil,—

2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his order sent.

3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surprised with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.

4 The taller mountains skipped like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipped after them, like lambs
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5 O, sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy fountain's head?

6 Why, mountains, did ye skip, like rams
When danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs
When they their leader's flight behold?

7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee;—

8 To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw
And thirsty vales with water fill.

## PSALM 115.

1 LORD, not to us,—we claim no share,—
But to thy sacred name,



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Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now
The God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontrolled thy power.

4 Their gods but gold and silver are,
The works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth and sightless eyes
The molten idol stands.

6 The pageant has both ears and nose,
But neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move,
No life within it dwells.

8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we
Can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely,
And them for gods designed.

9 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your Help and Shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely,
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless,
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great name confess.

14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who favourites are
Of this Almighty King!

16 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat designed,
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

17 They who in death and silence sleep
To him no praise afford;
18 But we will bless, for evermore,
Our ever-living Lord.



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## PSALM 116.

1 MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possessed,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still, in all the straits of life,
To him address my prayer.

3 With deadly sorrows compassed round,
With pains of hell oppressed;
When trouble seized my aching heart,
And anguish racked my breast;—

4 On God's almighty name I called,
And thus to him I prayed:—
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul,
"With sorrow quite dismayed."

5, 6 How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love expressed.

8 When death alarmed me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service, spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
In greatest straits did boast;
For in my flight all hopes of aid
From faithless men were lost.

12, 13 Then what return to him shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.



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14, 15 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood, howe'er despised
By wicked men, in God's account
Is always highly prized.

16 By various ties, O Lord, must I
To thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before,
Thy ransomed captive now.

17, 18 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise,
And, whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

## PSALM 117.

1 WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

## PSALM 118.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

5 To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppressed,
And he released me from my straits,
And granted my request.

6 Since, therefore, God does on my side
So graciously appear,



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Why should the vain attempts of men
Possess my soul with fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my cause
Vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt
A just return to make.

8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.

10, 11 Though many nations, closely leagued,
Did oft beset me round,
Yet, by his boundless power sustained,
I did their strength confound.

12 They swarmed like bees, and yet their rage
Was but a short-lived blaze;
For, whilst on God I still relied,
I vanquished them with ease.

13 When all, united, pressed me hard,
In hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsafed to take my part,
And save me from them all.

14 The honour of my strange escape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength;
He only claims my songs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

16 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days,
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

18 When God had sorely me chastised,
Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.



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19 Then open wide the temple gates,
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the corner stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's name,
Let all the assembly bless:—
"We that belong to God's own house
"Have wished you good success."

27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horns, with cords,
The chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

29 O! then, with me, give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove,
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

## PSALM 119.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blessed are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 How blessed, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!



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And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed,
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O! then, that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O! then, forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O! suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

12 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;



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O! teach me, then, by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlocked by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

14 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crowned.

15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind,
And those sound rules, which thou prescrib'st,
All due respect shall find.

16 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.

18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous work which they behold
Who thy just precepts learn.

19 Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

20 My fainting soul is almost pined,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues,
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;



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For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.

23 Though princes oft, in council met,
Against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe
My constant business make.

24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppressed with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.

26 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O! teach me, then, my future life
By thy just laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

28 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Pressed down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.

30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

31 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O! then, preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.

32 So, in the way of thy commands,
Shall I with pleasure run,



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And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display,
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

34 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead,
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O! then, make haste to raise me up,
And promised succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.



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42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make :—
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed,
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy just decrees have proved.

44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend,
From age to age my time to come
In their observance spend.

45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all encumbrance free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.

47 My longing heart and ravished soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.

48 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

50 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemmed me round,
Revived my fainting soul.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
And all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their scoffs
Could make me turn aside.



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52 Thy judgments, then, of ancient date,
I quickly called to mind,
Till, ravished with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I stand amazed, like one
With deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
Have thy just laws forsook.

54 But I thy statutes and decrees
My cheerful anthems made,
Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds
I like a pilgrim strayed.

55 Thy name, that cheered my heart by day,
Has filled my thoughts by night;
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustained,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtained.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
And sure Possession, art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care,
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaimed to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolved, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

61 Though numerous troops of sinful men
To rob me have combined,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
Have ever kept in mind.



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62 In dead of night I will arise
To sing thy solemn praise,
Convinced how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy name,
Myself I closely join,
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O! make me, then, exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestowed,
According to thy word.

66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attained,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remained.

67 Before affliction stopped my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forged malicious lies,
My spotless fame to stain;
But my fixed heart, without reserve,
Thy precepts shall retain.

70 While, pampered, they, with prosperous ills,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.



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72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold,
Than untouched mines, than thousand mines,
Of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

74 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now,
By sure experience, see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

76 O! let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made.

77 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live,
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovoked,
To ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
Employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
My cause, and those alone
Who have, by strict and pious search,
Thy sacred precepts known.

80 In thy blessed statutes let my heart
Continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul, with long expectance, faints
To see thy saving grace;



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Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

82 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?

83 My skin like shrivelled parchment shows,
That long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
Thy statutes to forget.

84 How many days must I endure
Of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On them who me oppress?

85 The proud have digged a pit for me,
That have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just laws oppose.

86 With sacred truth's eternal laws
All thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause;
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87 With close designs, against my life
They had almost prevailed;
But, in obedience to thy will,
My duty never failed.

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word, established in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy almighty hand.

91 All things the course by thee ordained,
E'en to this day, fulfil;



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They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

92 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expired
In dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid
My guiltless life to take;
But, in the midst of danger, I
Thy word my study make.

96 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravished thoughts all day.

98 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take,
Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.

100 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days,
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrained
From every sinful way,



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That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments strayed,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O! what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blessed,
Through which the treacherous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

106 I swear, and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppressed,
That I can bear no more,
According to thy word, do thou
My fainting soul restore.

108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,
My soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
From thinking on thy law.

110 My wicked and inveterate foes
For me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
Nor from thy precepts strayed.

111 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;



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For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

112 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest,
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be expressed.

114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-tower,
And Shield, art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedness;
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose in thee.

117 Uphold me; so shall I be safe,
And rescued from distress;
To thy decrees continually
My just respect address.

118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
Who from thy statutes strayed;
Their vile deceit, the just reward
Of their own falsehood made.

119 The wicked from thy holy land
Thou dost like dross remove;
I, therefore, with such justice charmed,
Thy testimonies love.

120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
Lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments thus descend.



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AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have loved;
O! therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
To my oppressors' rage.

122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
And so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
My guiltless soul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held,
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfilled.

124 To me, thy servant, in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ,
When men, with open violence,
Thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold,
Compared with them, despise.

128 Thy precepts, therefore, I account,
In all respects, divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.



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131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore,
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blessed name adore.

133 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be,
Nor wickedness, of any kind,
Dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
In bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wronged innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects, are just.

138 Most just and true those statutes were,
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness performed,
Succeeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
My soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
Thy promises and threats.

140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by them despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.



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141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
Thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is passed;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth,
Which shall for ever last.

143 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite,
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

144 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I called,
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

146 Again more fervently I prayed,
O! save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know,
And steadfastly obey.

147 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone relied.

148 With zeal have I awaked before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show:
O! quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgment ever true.

150 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw:
What treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy law?



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151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is,
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.

152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

155 From hardened sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.

156 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore,
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

157 A numerous host of spiteful foes
Against my life combine,
But all too few to force my soul
Thy statutes to decline.

158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppressed,
To see with what audacious pride
Thy cov'nant they transgressed.

159 Yet, while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy precepts love;
O! therefore, quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above.

160 As, from the birth of time, thy truth
Has held through ages passed,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,
To endless ages last.



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SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cause,
Conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has power alone
To fill my heart with dread.

162 And yet that word my joyful breast
With heavenly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be expressed.

164 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crowned.

165 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delayed,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care,
All thy commands obeyed.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obeyed,
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

168 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew,
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

170 Let my repeated prayer, at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.



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171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast revealed,
And taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crowned.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordained
My heart's free choice have made.

174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise,
Whose justice, from the depths of wo,
My fainting soul shall raise.

176 Like some lost sheep, I've strayed, till I
Despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

## PSALM 120.

1 IN deep distress, I oft have cried
To God, who never yet denied
To rescue me, oppressed with wrongs:
2 Once more, O Lord, deliverance send;
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of slandering tongues

3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O, thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn;
Of lasting flames, that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.

5 But, O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!



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With Kedar's wicked tents enclosed,
To lawless savages exposed,
Who live on naught but theft and spoil.

6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others' harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek;
But, when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms! to arms!

## PSALM 121.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

3 Then, thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep:
4 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

5 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee,
By day or night, molest.

7 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still;
8 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

## PSALM 122.

1 O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel; to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
3 In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.



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4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.

5 Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes place:
There stand the courts and palaces
Of royal David's race.

6 O! pray we, then, for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

7 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends',
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

9 But, most of all, I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## PSALM 123.

1, 2 UNTO thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants wait their masters' hands,
And maids their mistresses' commands.

3, 4 O! then, have mercy on us, Lord;
Thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

## PSALM 124.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleased to interpose;
2 Had he not then espoused our cause,
When men against us rose;—

3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallowed us alive,
And raged without control;



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Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelmed our soul.

6 But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who rescued us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threatened lives a prey.

7 Our soul is like a bird, escaped
From out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are ceased,
And we at freedom set.

8 Secure in his almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heaven and earth,
Of both sole Monarch reigns.

## PSALM 125.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her, immoveable be fixed
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills, on every side,
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.

4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy,
Cut off the unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

## PSALM 126.

1 WHEN Sion's God her sons recalled
From long captivity,
It seemed, at first, a pleasing dream
Of what we wished to see;—



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2 But soon, in unaccustomed mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes, repining, stood,
Yet were compelled to own,
That great and wondrous was the work
Our God for us had done.

3 "'Twas great," say they, "'twas wondrous great;"
Much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.

4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing showers
To parched and thirsty lands;—

5 That we, whose work commenced in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finished with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.

6 Though he desponds, that sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-eared sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

## PSALM 127.

1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain;—

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

3 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a numerous race of heirs
As piety's reward.



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4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
When marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth
Their parents' safeguard are.

5 Happy the man whose quiver's filled
With these prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe,
At law, or war's alarms.

## PSALM 128.

1 THE man is blessed that fears the Lord.
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 His wife, like a fair, fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
About his table spring.

4 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
5 And grant him, all his days, to see
Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase;
Much blessed in his own prosperous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

## PSALM 129.

1 FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assailed,
2 Reduced me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevailed.

3 They oft have ploughed my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescued us from wrong.

5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout,
Be still the doom of those,



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Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.

6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
Have blasted in the blade,—

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
But unregarded leaves;
No binder thinks it worth his pains
To fold it into sheaves.

8 No traveller, that passes by,
Vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heaven's blessing on the crop.

## PSALM 130.

1 FROM lowest depths of wo
To God I sent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

3 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

5 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

6 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.

7 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows,—
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows,—

8 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey,—
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.



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## PSALM 131.

1 O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye,
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.

2 With infant innocence, thou know'st,
I have myself demeaned;
Composed to quiet, like a babe,
That from the breast is weaned.

3 Like me, let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

## PSALM 132.

1 LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endured
Be ever in thy mind.

2 Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vowed,
Whom Jacob's sons adore,—

3, 4 I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend,
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eye-lids bend,—

5 Till, for the Lord's designed abode,
I mark the destined ground,
Till I a decent place of rest
For Jacob's God have found.

6 The appointed place, with shouts of joy,
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighbouring fields
Our glad applause resound.

7 O! with due reverence, let us, then,
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fallen,
Pour out our humble prayer.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;



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Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence, blessed.

9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth,
Nor shall his oath be vain,—
One of thy offspring, after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign;—

12 And, if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit,
Their children, too, upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel,
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.

17 There David's power shall long remain
In his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquished foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirmed success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

## PSALM 133.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;



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Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordained,
And life's eternal spring.

## PSALM 134.

1 BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That, in his temple, night by night,
With humble reverence wait.

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

## PSALM 135.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring, for his own
Most valued treasure, takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found,
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

6 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.



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7 He raises vapours from the ground,
Which, poised in liquid air,
Fall down, at last, in showers, through which
His dreadful lightnings glare.

8 He from his store-house brings the winds;
And he, with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast,
Through Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful signs and wonders showed,
Through stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
Nor all his numerous hosts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
And mighty kings suppressed;
Sihon and Og, and all besides,
Who Canaan's land possessed.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
He firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
His praise shall never fail.

14 For God shall soon his people's cause,
With pitying eyes, survey,
Repent him of his wrath, and turn
His kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads
O'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
The work of human hands.

16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
Nor see with polished eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
No breath their mouth supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they,
That all their skill apply
To make them, or, in dangerous times,
On them for aid rely.

19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

20 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;



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And let all those who fear the Lord
His name for ever bless.
21 Let all, with thanks, his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy name.

## PSALM 136.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant Friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God, *&c.*

4, 5 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens, by his command,
Were to perfection brought:
For God, *&c.*

6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land,
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God, *&c.*

7, 8, 9 Through heaven he did display
His numerous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:
For God, *&c.*

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land,
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand:
For God, *&c.*

13, 14 By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,



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Disclosed a middle way,
Through which his people went:
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost:
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed,
And famous princes foiled,
And made great monarchs bleed:
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre swayed;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obeyed:
For God, &c.

21, 22 And, of his wondrous grace,
Their lands whom he destroyed
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoyed:
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant Friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

## PSALM 137.

1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Sion was our mournful theme.



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## PSALM 138.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required:—
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cried out, "Her stately walls deface,
And with the ground quite level lay."

8 Proud Babel's daughter, doomed to be
Of grief and wo the wretched prey,
Blessed is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou laid'st on us repay;—

9 Thrice blessed, who, with just rage possessed,
And deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

## PSALM 138.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.



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3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was pressed with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 Therefore shall every earthly prince
Thy name with praise pursue,
Whom these admired events convince
That all thy works are true.

5 They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,
With cheerful songs, shall bless,
And all thy glorious acts record,
Thy awful power confess.

6 For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

7 Though I with troubles am oppressed,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distressed,
And keep me safe from harm.

8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state,
And, mindful of his favours passed,
Shall his own work complete.

## PSALM 139.

1, 2 THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known, long before conceived by me.

3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

5 Surrounded by thy power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
6 O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

7 O! could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?



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8 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

12 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was covered in the womb.

14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

15 Thine eyes my substance did survey,
Whilst yet a lifeless mass it lay,
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark enclosure brought!

16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were registered by thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge, too, O God,
That, since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore:
Each morn revising what I've done,
I find the account but new begun.

19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God:
Depart from me, ye men of blood,



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20 Whose tongues heaven's Majesty profane,
And take the Almighty's name in vain.

21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
Who thee with enmity pursue?
And does not grief my heart oppress,
When reprobates thy laws transgress?

22 Who practise enmity to thee
Shall utmost hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly detest,
As if they were my foes professed.

23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

## PSALM 140.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes,
Of treacherous intent;
2 And from the sons of violence,
On open mischief bent.

3 Their slandering tongue the serpent's sting
In sharpness does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of asps
And adders' venom breed.

4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
Nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence,
Who have my ruin sworn.

5 The proud for me have laid their snare,
And spread their wily net;
With traps and gins, where'er I move,
I find my steps beset.

6 But, thus environed with distress,
Thou art my God, I said;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
That calls to thee for aid.

7 O Lord, the God whose saving strength
Kind succour did convey,
And covered my adventurous head
In battle's doubtful day,—

8 Permit not their unjust design
To answer their desire,



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Lest they, encouraged by success,
To bolder crimes aspire.

9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects
Of their injustice mourn;
The blast of their envenomed breath
Upon themselves return.

10 Let them, who kindle first the flame,
Its sacrifice become,
The pit they digged for me be made
Their own untimely tomb.

11 Though slander's breath may raise a storm,
It quickly will decay:
Their rage does but the torrent swell,
That bears themselves away.

12 God will assert the poor man's cause,
And speedy succour give:
The just shall celebrate his praise,
And in his presence live.

## PSALM 141.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend;
O! haste to my relief;
And, with accustomed pity, hear
The accents of my grief.

2 Instead of offerings, let my prayer
Like morning incense rise,
My lifted hand supply the place
Of evening sacrifice.

3 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barred.

4 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
Of their unrighteous gain.

5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find;—
And, in return, my fervent prayer
I shall for them address,



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When they are tempted, and reduced,
Like me, to sore distress.

6 When skulking in Engedi's rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
When I had power to kill.

7 Yet us they persecute to death;
Our scattered ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's axe
The severed splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
My supplicating eyes;
O! leave not destitute my soul,
Whose trust on thee relies.

9 Do thou preserve me from the snares
That wicked hands have laid;
Let them in their own nets be caught,
While my escape is made.

## PSALM 142.

1 TO God, with mournful voice,
In deep distress, I prayed;
2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.

3 Thou didst my steps direct,
When my grieved soul despaired;
For, where I thought to walk secure,
They had their traps prepared.

4 I looked, but found no friend
To own me in distress;
All refuge failed, no man vouchsafed
His pity or redress.

5 To God, at last, I prayed:—
Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

6 Reduced to greatest straits,
To thee I make my moan;
O! save me from oppressing foes
For me too powerful grown.

7 That I may praise thy name,
My soul from prison bring;



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Whilst of thy kind regard to me
Assembled saints shall sing.

## PSALM 143.

1 LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustomed faith and truth,
A gracious answer send;—

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
Whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
As mansions of the dead.

4 My spirit, therefore, is o'erwhelmed,
And sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
With heavy woes oppressed.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought;
My former dangers and escapes
Employ my musing thought.

6 To thee my hands, in humble prayer,
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppressed with drought.

7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go;
My soul to thee ascends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes,
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage
My soul implores from thee.

10 Thou art my God; thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;



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Let thy good spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

11 O! for the sake of thy great name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me, distressed,
Thy promised aid impart.

12 In pity to my sufferings, Lord,
Reduce my foes to shame;
Slay them that persecute a soul
Devoted to thy name.

## PSALM 144.

1 FOR ever blessed be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill afford,
To wield my arms with warlike art.

2 His goodness is my fort and tower,
My strong deliverance and my shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless power
Makes to my sway fierce nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move,
Such great account of him to make?

4 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
Whilst heaven its lofty head inclines;
The smoking hills asunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful signs.

6 Discharge thy awful lightnings round,
And make thy scattered foes retreat;
Then, with thy pointed arrows, wound,
And their destruction soon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heaven engage
Thy boundless power my foes to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy rage
Of threatening waves, that proudly swell.

Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;



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Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
In new-made hymns, my voice shall raise,
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy praise :—

10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"To them his sure salvation sends;
"Tis he that from the murdering sword
"His servant David still defends."

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place;
Our daughters shall like pillars show,
Designed some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners, filled with various store,
Shall us and ours with plenty feed;
Our sheep, increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.

14 Strong shall our labouring oxen grow,
Nor in their constant labour faint;
Whilst we no war nor slavery know,
And in our streets hear no complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that people's case,
Whose various blessings thus abound;
Who God's true worship still embrace,
And are with his protection crowned.

## PSALM 145.

1, 2 THEE will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare, art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

4 Renowned for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;



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From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works, express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

7 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth, of all their grateful songs,
Shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame
To all thy works expressed;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blessed.

11 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known,
And thus his kingdom's royal state
With public splendour shown.

13 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call
Who timely food supplies.

16 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord! how just,
How righteous, all his ways!



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How nigh to him, who, with firm trust,
For his assistance prays!

19 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with care,
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.

21 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his name.

## PSALM 146.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord; and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dangerous times,
Nor timely help apply.

4 Deprived of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain designs,
Together with them, die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his Protector takes;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

7 The poor, oppressed, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

8 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fallen he rears;



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With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

10 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King;
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

## PSALM 147.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.

2 His holy city God will build,
Though levelled with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise,
With grateful voices, sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

8 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
Through him, on mountain tops, the grass
With wondrous plenty grows.

9 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the raven's tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.



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10 He values not the warlike steed,
But does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,
No prize from him can gain.

11 But he, to him that fears his name,
His tender love extends,
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address,
Who fenced their gates with massy bars,
And does their children bless.

14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace;
With finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills
Is done as soon as said.

16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
Descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
Is scattered o'er the land.

17 When, joined to these, he does his hail
In little morsels break,
Who can against his piercing cold
Secure defences make?

18 He sends his word, which melts the ice;
He makes his wind to blow;
And soon the streams, congealed before,
In plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees
To Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen seed
His righteous laws are known.

20 No other nation this can boast;
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
And knowledge of his word.

## PSALM 148.

1, 2 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;



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His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish, that through the sea
Glide swift with glittering scales;
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert joined;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit designed;
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:



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In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name, alone,
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O! therefore, raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

## PSALM 149.

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord;
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield:



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Their mouths filled with praises
Of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield,—

7, 8 Just vengeance to take
For injuries passed;
To punish those lands
For ruin designed;
With chains, as their captives,
To tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
Their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
When them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
Which God does proclaim;
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy:
O! therefore, for ever,
Exalt his great name.

## PSALM 150.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blessed place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
Unveiled, in perfect glory, shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance,
Let instruments of various string,
With organs joined, his praise advance.

5 Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.



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